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# Hollywood

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Natural Color  
Photo of  
BETTE DAVIS

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# Have cool allure

Don't be sticky, wilted, and unattractive! Use Irresistible TALC to give you cool allure on hottest days. Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty perfumed deodorant talcum or dusting powder. Apply it generously all over your body.

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PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, COLD CREAM, BRILLIANTINE



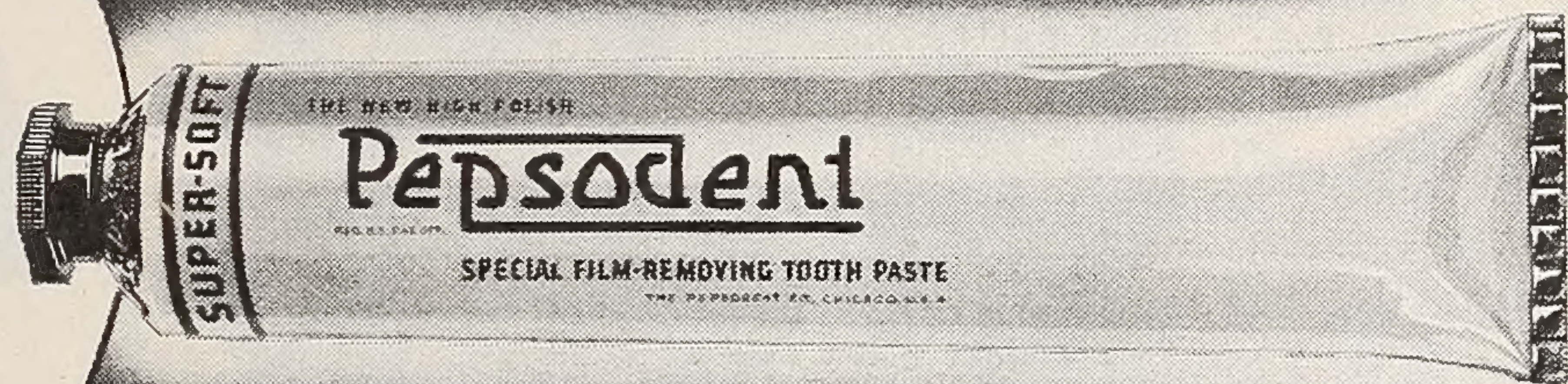


NOW... ONLY 25¢ TO GIVE TEETH *Twice* THE BRILLIANCE!

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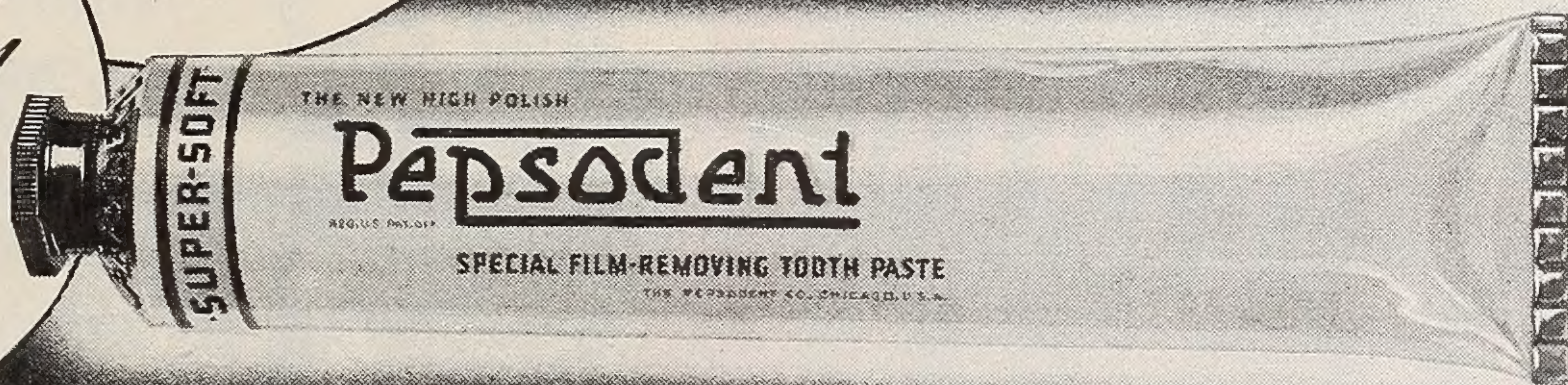
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**25¢**  
SIZE



FORMER  
50¢ SIZE

*Now Only*  
**40¢**

*Holds twice as much  
as 25c size*



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**FORMER 50c SIZE NOW ONLY 40c**

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### 1. GETS TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS BRIGHT—SAFELY!

*New \$200,000 polishing agent quickly restores a dazzling luster to dull teeth.*

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*You double the time your teeth look clean, according to dentists' tests.*

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*Tests prove Super-Soft Pepsodent twice as soft as polishing agent generally used. Hence it is one way to high-polish teeth without danger to enamel.*

**HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!**



# THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "Suzy"



## JEAN HARLOW

"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."



## FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too...."



## BENITA HUME

"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."



## CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"



**JEAN HARLOW**  
IN  
**Suzy**  
**FRANCHOT TONE** • **CARY GRANT**  
**LEWIS STONE** • **BENITA HUME**  
Directed by George Fitzmaurice  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



## "Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.



AUGUST, 1936

Vol. 25

No. 8

## Hollywood

The News Reel  
of the Stars

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher

TED MAGEE, Editor

JACK SMALLEY, Managing Editor

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AUGUST, 1936

## Today in Hollywood



Only in this gay town could you hear a million dollars worth of singing talent, such as Rosa Ponselle, Nino Martini, Nelson Eddy, Frank Chapman and his wife, Gladys Swarthout, warbling TOGETHER! This happened at the Coconut Grove . . . or for that matter it didn't cost a nickel to see W. S. Van Dyke, Myrna Loy, William Powell and Minna Gombel doing *The Thin Man* on the Lux Radio hour . . . But the real treat of the month came when those arch enemies, Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, went into a dance with Priscilla Lawson, Diana Gibson and Claudie Dell, than whom there are none prettier. . . . It's not often that you see snaps of Fred MacMurray and his sweetheart, Lillian Lamont, but here they are at the Trocadero, at a big party thrown by Ketti Gallian. Between Ketti and Lillian sits Wesley Ruggles, now separated from Arline Judge. . . . Hollywood is mourning the death of Sid Grauman's aged mother, always at his side at premières. . . . Lee Tracy enters the Honolulu race with his yacht, Adore. . . .

Ted Magee, Editor



# HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

## Edwina Booth Recovers

THE STRANGE JINX which brought tragedy to the leading members of the cast of *Trader Horn* has been broken at last. Edwina Booth, the white goddess of that film made in Africa, is on her way back to health and will make a film. The illness which baffled scientists for years was cured in New York and last month she was able to leave her bed to walk about and carry on work in a psychiatric clinic.

Duncan Renaldo, hero of the film, went to prison for immigration violations and finally has been pardoned and given permission to remain in this country. He, too, will resume film work.

• •

## Shaving Is Banned

WITH WARNER BAXTER's admission to membership, Hollywood's oldest and most exclusive social organization changes its name from the Three to the Four Musketeers.

Throughout the fifteen years that have elapsed since they first met as bit players in an Eastern studio, Ronald Colman, Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess have been boon companions, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, and periodically leaving the celluloid world behind while they hid out together in the mountains, on the desert or on the Pacific. Recently, however, a close bond has grown between Colman and Baxter, and it was at Ronnie's suggestion that Warner has been granted a seat in the inner circle.

He is being initiated aboard a schooner yacht somewhere off the California coast.

The by-laws of the Three Musketeers have long contained but a single "don't." It bars razors on all outings.



Did you hear them on the Lux "Theatre of the Air" broadcast? - This is how they looked at the microphone: Cecil B. DeMille, Marlene Dietrich, Clark Gable and Jesse L. Lasky

## Sweet Girl, This Sally!

HARRY JOE BROWN, JR., three-year old son of Sally Eilers and Producer Harry Joe Brown, is to have a brother or sister—maybe both—shortly.

Returning from a European vacation with her husband, Sally scouted foundling homes in the East and Middle West, and finally placed her "order" with the Evanston, Illinois, Cradle, where so many other talkie stars have gone to select orphans for adoption.

Sally wants at least one child about the same age as her own.

• •

## Notebooks Not Needed

JEAN HARLOW is just one of many film stars who has to have her telephone number changed many times each month.

In fact, she has had her number changed twice in a single day! Only recently an M-G-M executive tried every way possible to get hold of the star, only to find her number had been changed faster than her own friends could write it down.

Telephone companies are paid to keep the numbers confidential, but it is a difficult assignment when several people make a business out of selling stars' numbers. They are such good detectives that they often learn the number change before the star's own friends. Jean will tell you that!

• •

## Costly Mementos

CROONING BING CROSBY, man of activity in many fields, has suddenly become Hollywood's biggest space grabber, not only in American magazines and newspapers,



Off adventuring flew Joan Bennett, with sister Connie on hand to wish her happy landings. Joan will tour Europe, then hurry back to a Walter Wanger picture

but in those of foreign countries as well.

A subscriber to several clipping bureaus ever since flaming across the Cinematown horizon, Bing has been forced to send out cancellations because of the ever-mounting number of clippings at from two to five cents each. His bill for a single recent week ran more than \$2,000!

And think of the reams of publicity he got by carding 151 for 36 holes to win the Lakeside tourney June 14!

• •

## The Yen's Still There

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, Paulette Goddard and the latter's mother have returned from their jaunt through the Orient, with the comedian all set to start production on Paulette's first starring vehicle, for which he will serve as author, director and producer. The story is ready, Charlie having penned it himself while crossing the Pacific and gadding about foreign lands.

Hollywood is taking with a grain of salt the announcement by Chaplin that his own acting days are over, and that henceforth he will confine his artistic endeavors to writing and megaphoning. Even if he is through with his own type of tragic laugh-provoking rôles, his intimates insist that he still yearns to screen a Napoleonic tale with himself in the part of the "Little Corporal."

• •

## Will Jack Model 'Em?

WHEN JACK OAKIE led beautiful Venita Varden to the altar a few months back, he convinced her that one thespian in the family was enough, and induced her to lay aside her make-up kit. But because a life of inactivity doesn't appeal to his bride, Jack is financing her in launching a Hollywood millinery shop.

[Continued on page 8]





First picture of Luise Rainer and Paul Muni in their make-up for *The Good Earth*. Here they pray at a wayside shrine

back . . . as a watch-dog, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., is a swell actor, having slumbered peacefully while burglars looted the abode of Lee Duncan, his owner . . . Sir Guy Standing is an avid angler, but he tosses back into the water all fish beyond enough for his own table . . . when Warner Oland was in China recently, the mayor of Shanghai, a *Charley Chan* enthusiast, presented him with a silver mustache comb . . . Claudette Colbert is learning to drive after eight years as an auto owner . . . Stanley Briggs has graduated from the University of California, and sister Virginia Bruce, who financed his education, is proud . . . Stepin Fetchit is dickering for a tract of land in the San Fernando Valley, where he intends to build a town for colored folks, calling it "Harlemwood" . . . when Grace Bradley awakens these warmish mornings, she merely steps to one of her second-floor boudoir windows, seats herself on a slide, and zip! she lands right in her swimming pool . . . Lili Damita, wife of Errol Flynn, and Maxine Jones, 18-year-old daughter of the famous Buck, are classmates in a Hollywood art school . . . Roger Pryor, whose dad was a famous bandmaster, is temporarily leaving the screen to lead an orchestra on a nationwide tour . . .

• •

#### Cupid's Chart

KAY FRANCIS and Delmar (scenarist) Daves are rehearsing their "I do's" preparatory to an altar trip . . . Mary Lou Dix has replaced June Gale as Hoot Gibson's love light . . . Barton MacLane is devoting his evenings to Ruby Wood, a trapeze performer . . . Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd are once more encamped on the steps leading to the divorce court . . . Tommy Lee, millionaire radio chain chief, was at the depot to meet June Knight when she returned to Hollywood after an Eastern stay, and he's eager to add a wedding ring to the big solitaire he gave her several months ago . . . Michael Whalen and Alice Faye are whispering to one another these warmish evenings . . . Jimmy Dunn and Louise Henry, who used

[Continued on page 10]

## Once Ignored...Now Adored!



## She found the lovelier way to Avoid Offending

She bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

**H**OW appealingly feminine . . . how desirable you are . . . when you guard your daintiness this Cashmere Bouquet way!

You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so confident that Cashmere Bouquet's rich, deep-cleansing lather has removed every trace of body odor.

You also know that for hours afterward you will be *fragrantly dainty*. For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap! Its exquisite fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes . . . And only such costly perfumes will bring you such *lingering* loveliness!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from

every pore . . . keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

**NOW ONLY 10¢ — THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE**



BATHE WITH

# Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING





Remember  
one little thing



...or *this*

may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm . . . upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

#### WHY A CORRECTLY TIMED LAXATIVE IS PREFERABLE

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y . . . that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's *correctly timed*. Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

#### DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

And here's another nice thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There's a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

**EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

## Hollywood Newsreel

(Continued from page nine)

to be Conrad Nagel's fiancée, are on the verge . . . Peggy Fears is all set to Renovate the ultra-rich A. C. Blumenthal before taking another whirl at the studios . . . Hal (cameraman) Rosson, Jean Harlow's No. 3 ex-mate, is all set to listen to wedding bells with Mrs. Yvonne Crellin, Paris and Beverly Hills socialite . . . James Blakeley, blue-bookish thespian, has reason to worry now that Paul Mitchell has arrived from London, intent upon claiming Mary Carlisle as his bride . . . Jane Eichelberger of the New York and Memphis social registers, became Mrs. Weldon Heyburn three days after a Los Angeles judge granted Greta Nissen an annulment from the actor . . . Margot Grahame and hubby Francis Lister have patched things up, and Margot is going to toss away her Hollywood career unless Francis agrees to quit England for California . . . Marjorie and Douglas Fowley have called quits to their marriage . . . when Dixie Dunbar continued to dodge his daily mail proposals, George King, Atlanta, Ga., long her boy-friend, journeyed to Cinematown to wage a personal campaign for her heart . . .

• •

### Baubles and Bugs

HOLLYWOOD STARS who read their fan mail never find the task monotonous if one is to judge by recent experiences of Gary Cooper and Errol Flynn.

Unwrapping a small package bearing a postmark, "India," Gary found an exquisite and expensive cigarette case in onyx and gold with a card bearing the inscription, "From the children in the Sir Khurshid Jah Palace."

After wading through ten pages of scrawl from a palpitating heart in Spain, Errol sighed as he neared the end, but there was a postscript, in which the lady asked him:

"Please excuse the handwriting because I am suffering from smallpox!"

### FANAGRAM WINNERS

Miss Gail Purdy, 184 Elmlawn Road, Braintree, Mass., wins the big life-like Shirley Temple doll which has been personally autographed by the star herself!

The winning Fanagrams: Alison Skipworth—In walk his troops; Gary Cooper—O! Pay grocer; Bing Crosby—Cry, big snob; Charlie Chaplin—He'll chip in a car; Freddie Bartholomew—A bird tole me how, free; Gertrude Michael—Cute dream girl, eh?; Charles Butterworth—Let her watch, or burst.

Many of the Fanagrams were exceedingly clever, and a careful study of them had to be made by the judges. The winner of Margaret Sullavan's Wedding Ring will be announced next month.

Join in this fascinating game and win a prize!



Jane Withers blows some of her allowance for a ride on the elephant at the L. A. Zoo. She's atop Anna May, who in her own way is also a star, toting Tarzan through many a thriller

### Business Woman

JANE WITHERS has her own ideas about earning money. Jane, you may or may not know, receives over one thousand dollars salary every Wednesday from the studio . . . but that's a different matter.

The ten-year-old actress wanted to give her mother a birthday party . . . with ice cream and cake and things. But her \$2.50 weekly allowance wasn't sufficient to pay for everything she wanted to buy.

S-o-o . . . instead of asking her mother or father for more money—even for an advance on her next week's allowance—Jane started a store on her latest picture set and sold everything she could find. When this still didn't amount to enough, she found some chairs and rented them to Slim Summerville, Irvin Cobb and others in the picture for so-much a day . . . in the shade. And, to further swell the exchequer, she rented out nails to the members of the company to hang up their coats.

Don't worry about Jane Withers' future . . . she'll NEVER starve!

• •

### The Cash Rolls In

WHILE MARY PICKFORD has laid aside her screen make-up box, temporarily at least, her current income far surpasses the huge earnings that were hers in the heyday of her flicker stardom.

In addition to the flow of wealth from her highly successful talkie producing business, her radio contracts and her literary efforts, she is adding fat figures to her bank account through disposal to major studios of stories and plays she used as stellar vehicles in the silent era.

Mary has just sold 20th Century-Fox the talkie rights to *Kiki* for a cool (or should one say "cold") \$60,000!

HOLLYWOOD



## Vital Statistics



Romancing—Mary Brian with Cary Grant, while Wendy Barrie chaperones

### HOLLYWOOD COURTS

KAY FRANCIS gets right to her name by legal petition, rubbing off real name of Katherine Gibbs Mailziner. At 37 she has been married three times, divorcing in succession J. Dwight Francis, William Gaston II, Leo Mailziner (Kenneth MacKenna). Kay was born Gibbs, in Oklahoma City.

She is currently interested with possible husband No. 4, Delmar Davis, movie-writer.

ANNULMENTS were granted Greta Nissen from Weldon Heyburn, Lyda Roberti from Hugh (Bud) Ernst, Jr.

DIVORCES were granted Dorothy Sebastian from Bill Boyd, Marjorie from Douglas Fowley, Juliette Crosby from Arthur Hornblow, Jr. This divorce, quietly obtained in Reno, is expected to bring the news at any moment that Myrna Loy and Hornblow have married. Chances are the couple, long in love, will make every effort to keep it secret. News sleuths are looking for marriage registrations involving Myrna Williams, Loy's real name.

### BIRTHS

MR. AND MRS. DONALD WOODS are parents of 7¼ pound daughter, born at Good Samaritan hospital. Donald was working at Paramount in *A Son Comes Home*; rather expected film to be omen of another boy in the family. They have named her Linda.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD HAWKS and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin (Helen Mack) drew boys.

MR. AND MRS. NORMAN FOSTER (Sally Blane), a baby girl named Gretchen after real name of Loretta Young, Sally's sister.

### EXPECTING

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mankiewicz (Elizabeth Young) and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Staruss (Claire Dodd).

### MARRIAGES

JACQUELINE WELLS TO WALTER B. BROOK, III on May 23, at Montecito, Calif. Muriel Kirkland to Staats Jennings Cotsworth, Jr., May 24, in New York City. Dorothy Dunbar (ex-Mrs. Max Baer) to Tino Costa, May 28, in Santa Barbara. Jane Eichelberger to Weldon Heyburn, May 21, in Los Angeles. Betty Hickman and Ted (Stooge) Healy on May 17, at Yuma, Ariz.

AUGUST, 1936

Your Favorite Star was Once an Amateur



JOAN BENNETT  
A Beautiful  
Walter Wanger Star

## ★ HOLD-BOB'S SECOND SEARCH FOR TALENT

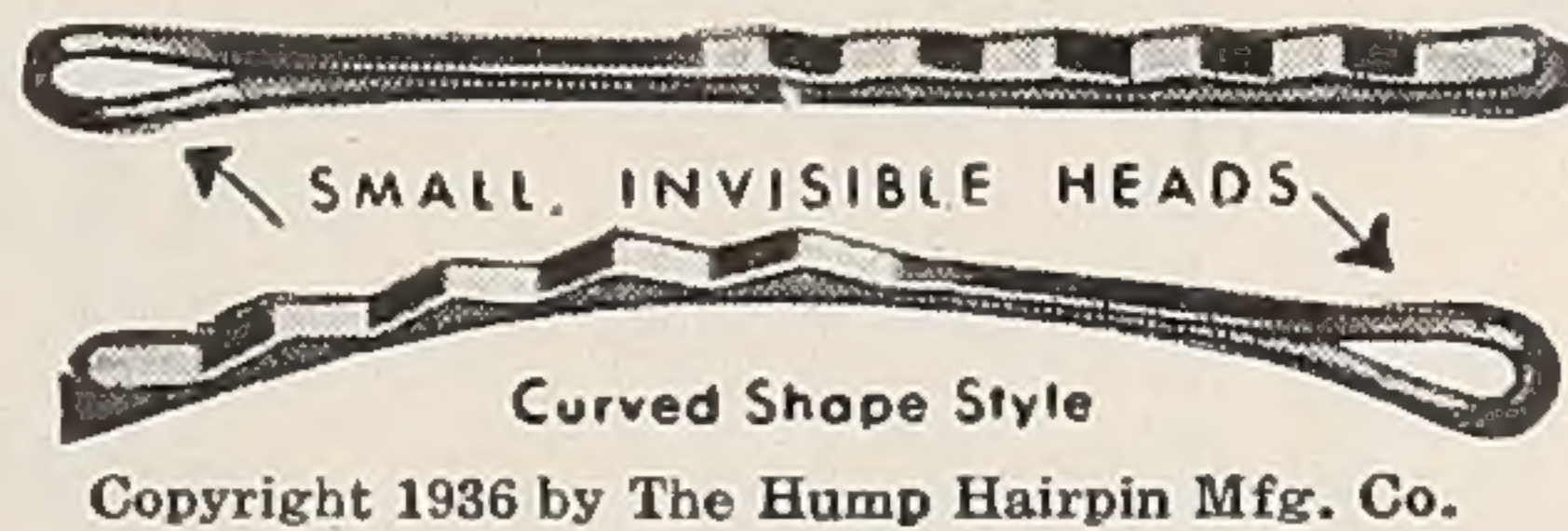
Offers **You** a Chance for Film Fame

We hope to discover several talented women to develop into future movie stars!! The Second "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, gives you this opportunity. There will be a winner selected every month who will receive a FREE screen test and \$50.00 in cash!! At least one of these monthly winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!!

You may enter as often as you wish. The "Search for Talent" closes December 31, 1936. All you need do to enter is to fill out the entry blank on the back of a HOLD-BOB Card or facsimile of same (HOLD-BOB bob pins are sold everywhere)... attach your photo and send to the "Search for Talent" Headquarters.

When you are reading the full details on the back of the HOLD-BOB card notice the many outstanding features of HOLD-BOBS; the small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll understand why Hollywood uses these famous bob pins almost exclusively.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Sol H. Goldberg, President  
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-86, Chicago, Ill.  
Straight Style HOLD BOB



Copyright 1936 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.



Robert Taylor dancing with Margaret Hehn, one of the recent "Search for Talent" winners, at the famous Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles.



The seven lovely winners of HOLD-BOB'S First "Search for Talent" being welcomed by Mary Pickford, Jesse Lasky and Nino Martini at the premier of the Pickford-Lasky Picture "One Rainy Afternoon."





**"Keep an eye on the sun"**  
says Jane Heath

● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamorous*! Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only \$1.



● *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . . \$1

● *Shadette*, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night. . . . 75c



● Try *Twissors*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

**Kurlash**

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SB-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

## Trademark Contest

### Meet the Lucky Winners!



It's the grand prize winner, the trademark adopted by Pickford-Lasky productions! Reed Williams of Glendale, Calif., takes the \$600 award for this design. Right, Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky view the thousands of designs before turning them over to the judges

FROM THE THOUSANDS of entries in the Pickford-Lasky trademark contest held in conjunction with the Fawcett screen magazines, the design submitted by Reed Williams, 1221 N. Brand Blvd., Glendale, Calif., has been chosen by the judges as the grand prize winner. To Mr. Williams goes \$600 in cash. To Pickford-Lasky goes a smashing good trademark.

When this trademark (see top photo) appears on the screen, it will be animated. From the big star in the sky, beams of light will twinkle out, forming the words PICKFORD-LASKY PRODUCTIONS. Thus will their pictures be heralded dramatically on the screen.

Winner of HOLLYWOOD Magazine's own \$100 contest for Pickford-Lasky trademarks is Miss Alice Kirkpatrick, 456 Eustis Street, Huntsville, Alabama.



Alice Kirkpatrick, right, of Huntsville, Alabama, wins HOLLYWOOD Magazine's divisional prize of \$100 for her Pickford-Lasky trademark contribution, pictured above



## Why Marlene Is Taking Daughter Maria Abroad

**B**EAUTIFUL Marlene Dietrich's simple announcement that her 11-year-old daughter, Maria, will be educated in England is believed by her friends too shroud a tale packing more poignant drama than ever was written into one of the world-famous and rich star's screen vehicles.

Persons close to la Dietrich are convinced that enrollment of the child in a boarding school outside of London is a forerunner to proceedings that will sever the matrimonial ties that for more than 12 years have bound the actress to Rudolph Sieber.

The divorce, they say, will be Marlene's supreme gesture in her devotion to the memory of the late John Gilbert!

Marlene and Maria will depart for Europe in July, the star having already sent her chauffeur, Ernest Bridges, ahead with her motor. She will go direct to Paris, where she will spend the several weeks necessary to establish residence under the French divorce law. Her mate, now directing pictures in London, will visit her in the French capital, where he will be accessible to process servers.

Talk that Marlene would seek a decree from Sieber, whom she has seen only at infrequent intervals since establishing herself in the stellar ranks of American filmdom, first spread through the talkie colony three weeks before the sudden passing of Gilbert early this year.

There is little doubt in the minds of anyone who knew John that he was madly in love with the talented German satellite, and the fact that Marlene donned mourning following his demise increased the suspicion that John and she were plotting marriage when his number was posted on Eternity's call board.

Although more than four months have elapsed since he died, Marlene continues to keep candles burning before two portraits of him, one in the living-room of her home, the other in her studio dressing-room. A few days ago she purchased his favorite automobile from the executor of his estate, and presented it to Al Raelof, long his chauffeur.

Meanwhile, a real friendship has developed between Leatrice Joy, John's second wife, his 14-year-old daughter, Leatrice Joy Gilbert, and Marlene. The three met for the first time at the burial rites for John in a Beverly Hills funeral parlor.

Despite the acclaim accorded Marlene by those who have viewed the day-to-day rushes of the color epic, *The Garden of Allah*, in which she stars, she is a saddened woman.

"How can you be unhappy?" an interviewer asked her. "You have everything."

Into her big blue eyes came a far-away look.

"You mean, I *had* everything!" she corrected gently, and the conversation turned to John.

"It seems a long while since he went," she sighed.

The English seminary was selected for Maria's schooling during the negotiations between Marlene and Sieber that led to their very amiable agreement on the divorce proposal.



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35 W. Van Buren St.

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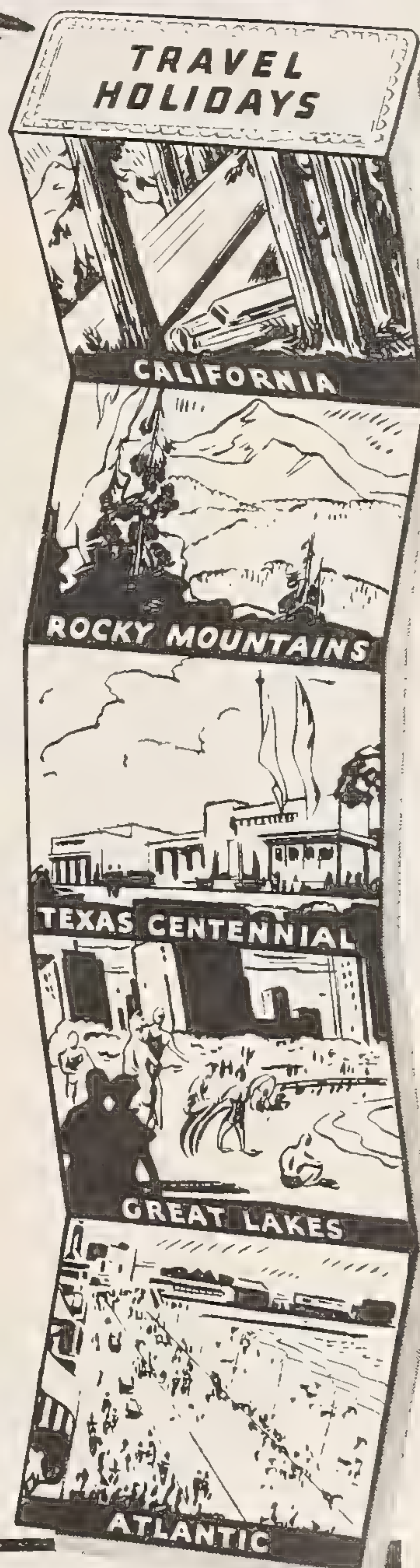
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NEW YORK, N. Y. 111 W. 46th St.

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# As one Woman to another

*A frank intimate chat*

BY

MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

*authority on feminine hygiene*



Let me tell you about these personal hygiene accessories, especially welcome during hot summer months. You have my word that they warrant your complete confidence.

## For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c. "Cheap" belts can't compare, because inferior grades of elastic fray and wear out—make for the discomfort every woman dreads.



## For Personal Daintiness



What relief, in broiling weather, to know that Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness! And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins. It soothes—doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest and you'll agree with me that 35c is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

## For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

**Three Gifts for You!** One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1401, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

# FAN MAIL

by HARMONY HAYNES



Visiting Joel McCrea on the *Two in a Crowd* set, the winners of Fawcett Publications Search for Talent contest posed in this picture. From the left: Norma Jane Slider, Dorothy Dalton, Margaret Hehn, Helen Dax, Frances Nalle, Dorothy Kate Brown and Caroline Oliver

WITH SO MANY of our stars in foreign countries, and especially England, it is only fitting that we should hear from English fans. The first is from friends of Ramon Novarro:

"It was our intention to celebrate Ramon Novarro's visit to England, with a gift of appreciation, and that we hoped he would approve of this being used in a charitable form rather than a personal gift to himself.

"In one of our interviews with him, the gift was offered to him, and Ramon expressed himself delighted that the amount collected should be used for a charitable object, and himself suggested that it should be used for the Fulham Refuge.

"The Fulham Refuge, 23, Barclay Road, S. W. 6 (London, England) is close to the house in Chelsea where he has been living whilst in London. It is run privately and is a house where girls are taken in when absolutely 'down and out' (and I always thought that was a typical American expression) and helped to find work subsequently. Ramon wishes us to avoid charities governed by large organizations.

"Our gift of Twenty Pounds was received with great gratitude at the Refuge and will be used for sorely needed furniture—shut-down washing stands for all the girls, armchairs (they had none at all) and other thoroughly useful articles. A small plate bearing the words 'Ramon Novarro' will be affixed to each, so the name of our Star, whose gift it really is, will always be remembered.

"We sent clothing at Christmas for the Refuge and this was extremely helpful, as nice clothes help those girls to find jobs, and so put them on the right road again.

Also over Two Pounds in cash was sent in.

"There is still a small balance of about Five Pounds in our Fund, and this will be used for something equally deserving, later, in Ramon's name."

## Ramon's Not Broke

And a letter from Ramon, himself, written to his English friends, which should also delight his American friends.

"Dear Friends:

Some American papers have said that when I was in Budapest recently I was broke and sang in bar rooms. That is absolutely ridiculous. I went there with very little English money as my contract there was that I was to be paid nightly. The theatre manager did not keep his word, and after appearing two nights without being paid, I refused to appear again unless some of the money owing me was paid. Another singer at the theatre told me she never sang for this manager unless her money was on the dressing table before she went on the stage.

The money was not given to me so I did not appear. Then the manager gave out that I was too ill to appear, and had lost my voice. So I went to the largest and most exclusive café there and explained to the restaurateur, who told his customers who I was and I sang, at the piano, four songs, to prove that I was not ill and had not lost my voice. Neither am I broke, although many people thought I was and offered me money, which was kind of them, but which I did not accept, because I did not need to.

Most sincerely,

Ramon Novarro."

## Hopalong Admirer Speaks

Dear Editor:

I can hardly believe my eyes, or should I say, my ears? In the past few months, I have seen four different westerns which haven't received a single sneer or boo!

These have been the "Hopalong Cassidy" pictures, played by William Boyd, and very well played, I might add. I think anyone who has seen

## Trade Your Letter For A Dollar Bill

There's always something to talk about in Hollywood, and there's always something to write about Hollywood! Sit down now and write Harmony Haynes. If you want an answer, enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If you want a dollar, write a letter interesting enough to appear in print! Address it to Harmony Haynes, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



them will agree they are in a class by themselves, away from the usual run of too melodramatic westerns which have both poor plots and bum acting. "Hopalong Cassidy" stories have beautiful and authentic scenery, plots which hold the interest and intelligent acting.

Having read these stories by Clarence E. Mulford, in my mind, William Boyd is perfectly cast for the lead, and I must say, that of all the western heroes, he's the only one I'd walk across the street to see.

Sincerely, Mary Anne Stone,  
Berkeley, Calif.

Many another letter of praise for the "Hopalong Cassidy" series has been received. The Editor shares Miss Stone's praise for western pictures that avoid the usual "horse opera" melodramatics. Box office returns reflect the merit of the films.—The Editor.

### Lookout! Fireworks Ahead!

Dear Miss Haynes:

You asked for honest criticism, so here goes: Joan Crawford is all right—she can act and she is beautiful—but must she always act "stuck up?" I'm tired of hearing that Garbo wants to go home. If she'd just come down to earth, she'd be all right.

Mae West is swell, but why, oh why can't the producers let her wear a dress like other people in just one picture? Why can't she comb her hair in a modern style, talk naturally, instead of the "big boy" stuff, and have an older leading man for a change. She never looked right to me playing opposite such youngsters.

And why is Carole Lombard always half asleep? Maybe if the studio were to give her a vacation she might catch up on her sleep and we'd have a wide awake Carole that would outshine the sleepy eyed beauty that she is now.

S. R. Barron,  
884 W. Baltimore St.  
Baltimore, Md.

One answer to Reader Barron's questions is this: Garbo, Crawford, West and Lombard rank at the top on the basis of things they have done. Would you, with millions at stake, too readily risk a complete change in style if you had these stars under contract?—The Editor.

### Ginks, Gigolos and Josephus

Dear Lady Cavendish:

(Fred Astaire's sister to the rest of you)

I am surprised to hear you, a red blooded American born girl, say that you liked England because they have "ginks" there.

I have often heard it said that our American women liked France because of the gigolos there, but the ginks were a new one on me.

Personally, I can't see the attraction to either of them but since there is undeniably an attraction, I won't have America slighted. Suppose you gink-gigolo minded women come on home and get acquainted with a few of our "drugstore cowboys."

Justa Husband,  
Toledo, Ohio.

Reader Husband refers to an article in May HOLLYWOOD quoting Lady Cavendish, who was Fred Astaire's dancing partner before her marriage. She visited her brother in Hollywood briefly before returning to London.—The Editor.

### Eager Heart For Hart

Dear Editor:

I have been looking for some news concerning Mr. William S. Hart for a long time. Then all at once my search was rewarded. I went to a movie and saw his name on the screen as writer.

That pleased me very much as I often wondered why he didn't write scenarios, raise pinto ponies, or teach younger stars to ride as he used to ride.

Any news you can give me of him will be eagerly read.

Yours truly, John Deitz,  
Baker, Montana.

Since Mr. Hart retired from the screen he has been living on his "Horse Shoe" Ranch near Saugus, California, and he  
[Continued on page 16]

To always look your best go to your **BEAUTY SHOP** every week. It also helps—especially to keep your facial muscles young—to enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** gum daily.

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Q-347 • PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIETTE LA-SERRE, PARIS



# FAN MAIL

(Continued from page fifteen)



Gangway—the wild gas wagon roars by! Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone, in a scene from *Suzy*, give the local lads a thrill with their new car

has been raising horses. He doesn't conduct a riding school or anything like it, but he did teach Johnny Mack Brown all his riding tricks for *Billy, the Kid*. He also gave Clara Bow her first riding lessons, and made her so ranch minded that she bought a ranch at Searchlight and lives there most of the time.—The Editor.

## Guy Kibbee's Case

Dear Editor:

I think you give entirely too much space and credit to stars and forget all about the character players who, after all, make the picture good or bad. My praise is for Guy Kibbee, that chubby little man with the popping eyes and smiling face. He has saved so many pictures, through his comedy when all the time he really was a tragedian instead of a comedian.

I am so glad that he has come into his own at last and I am willing to forgive the producers for being so blind to his talents for so long.

Mary Weisse,  
Waco, Texas.

Being "typed" is about the most tragic thing that can happen to a screen player because it often spells death to their real talents as it did in the case of Guy Kibbee. He is indeed fortunate to have been re-discovered before it was too late.—The Editor.

## Picture With Value

Dear Hollywood:

Well, at last a picture that shows the Great American Home for just what it is—a series of conflicting minds and emotions.

I refer, of course, to *Too Many Parents* and hope that the producers will see the real value back of such pictures and continue to give us a treat now and then.

A Parent,  
Spokane, Wash.

## If Winter Comes

Dear Hollywood Magazine:

Recently I read something that distressed me very much. The article said that nearly all of our

old screen favorites are broke—that the studio casting directors had gotten together to see that they had work.

What a tragedy! Can't something be done about it? Can't they be forced, I mean all screen stars, to establish a trust fund? It isn't fair to us who supported them so sincerely by giving them our every thought during the days they were in the money—not to mention our hard earned nickels and dimes.

Are all the favorites of today going to wind up broke too?

Anxiously,

Olive Thompson,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

There is never any great loss without some gain—to someone. The young players of today are profiting by the mistakes of the old favorites and are investing their money in property and securities. HOLLYWOOD readers should be reminded that while many old-time stars are destitute, others like Ruth Roland have preserved adequate fortunes.—The Editor.

## Scenarios From Unknowns

Dear Sir:

In HOLLYWOOD Magazine, I read an article concerning the ban on purchase of scenarios from unknowns. The studios must remember that if it were not for the unknowns there wouldn't be any need of a studio. Our dimes and quarters, no matter how small they seem, pay the salaries of actors, actresses, directors, etc.

How are the unknowns to get in touch with a responsible agent. I have several outlines of original stories I wish to submit. I am a faithful reader of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. I haven't enough money to consult an attorney, let alone start a lawsuit.

I suggest a contest; say a two-hundred-word outline of a story, each entry to become the property of the sponsor of the contest. This would avoid lawsuits if a story used later would resemble an entry. This would give unknowns a chance.

I am submitting a story for Shirley Temple to suggest what I mean. I'm on the level, please believe this is no trickery. This story should be of interest when Shirley loses a front tooth.

Thank you,

Vivian Slingerland,  
1010 E. Ruth St.,  
Flint, Michigan.

Fawcett Publications will consider Reader Slingerland's contest suggestion.—The Editor.

## Reader's Recommendation

Dear Editor:

Never before in my life have I seen such a well done motion picture epic as *La Maternelle*, the French language picture now showing at various houses throughout the country.

I took my family to see it. Subtitles running with the action make the picture understandable to every person in the audience. We not only enjoyed the picture but it brought all of us closer together in the sweet understanding portrayed on the screen.

Madeleine Renaud of the Comedie Francaise is the leading lady, but the real star is a little child, not more than 10 years old, Paulette Elambert. She is not "pretty" like Shirley Temple. There is nothing "cute" about her. Even her shape is scrawny. But that child can ACT as no child star ever seen in an American made film can act. She is a "natural," and she is lovable without more than three smiles in the whole picture.

It is a picture that deserves more attention than it is receiving in America . . . and I am writing this letter because as a father I think it SHOULD be shown, as a CRITIC I think it is better than any American film I ever witnessed, and as an average theatre goer I think it is entertaining.

The recording is poorly done, the only fault, probably due to inferior sound recording equipment in France, but after the first few moments even this small defect is forgotten so intense is the drama which unfolds for all to understand and admire . . . and remember for years afterwards.

Cordially,

Gilson Willets.

## "Color" for Color Blind

Dear Editor:

Bing Crosby can arrange to determine all colors correctly if he wishes to do so, by the use of color filter glass or transparencies of other types. (Enclosed is a report from the Transactions of Ophthalmology of the American Medical Association.)

Sincerely,

Vernon A. Chapman, M. D., F. A. C. S.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dr. Chapman's suggestion is an outgrowth of an article on Bing Crosby's notorious color-blindness (June HOLLYWOOD, p. 26). To enable Crosby and others similarly afflicted to determine the difference between red and green traffic signals, safety spectacles have been developed. The upper half is red-free filter glass; the lower part clear glass. When a driver peers through the filter, a red signal appears black, a green light remains its usual shade of gray.—The Editor.

## More Clubs for Your List!

VICTOR JORY—Eastern Branch, Frances Grady, 11 West St., Bangor, Maine; Western Branch, Betty Bass, 524 N. Elena St., Redondo Beach, Cal.

RIN TIN TIN, JR.—Lou Heshrot, Wassookeag School-Camp, Dexter, Maine.

RALPH BELLAMY—Jeannette Mendro, 4939 Gunnison St., Chicago, Ill.

MOVIE FAN FRIENDSHIP CLUB—Chaw Mank, 226 East Mill St., Staunton, Ill.

CESAR ROMERO—Chaw Mank, 226 East Mill St., Staunton, Ill.

GEORGE BRENT—Helen Henderson, 162 Highland Ave., Kearny, N. J.

TOM BROWN—Ebba Ebraue, Jr., 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

JACKIE HELLER—Virginia Gilliland, 5321 Kimbark, Chicago, Ill.

JOE PENNER—Sidney Vouden, 34 Strathmore Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, Can.

HOLLYWOOD



## London Letter

### Bannister-Harding Battle News

LONDON, ENGLAND.

MISS ANN HARDING, amply surrounded by barristers prepared to defend her from arrest should her ex-husband, Harry Bannister, carry out his threats to come here and swear out warrants for kidnaping has the full sympathy of the film colony in London.

More, we are given to understand that a group of Hollywood friends, directors and actors, have advised friends here that they will contribute to a fund to fight Bannister should he make such attempts.

Bannister has vowed more than once that he intends to drive Ann Harding from the screen.

Convinced that Bannister is using all the means in his control to harass Miss Harding, and that his attempts to gain control of daughter Jane are merely a smoke screen behind which he can carry on a campaign of vengeance, the Hollywood group has become so incensed over his tactics as to proffer funds to be used in her behalf.

When he referred to his wife as "the sweetest, most wonderful woman who ever lived," and, again a year later, as he set out to re-woo her, when he told interviewers, "Ann is the one woman in the world for me."

Ann might have re-married him about that time, too, had not he become involved in a short-lived, comical and widely publicized betrothal to Mary McCormic, the opera star, who shortly before had divorced the late Prince Serge Mdivani. His antics proved too much for Ann!

Because she refused to see him after that, Bannister launched his series of court actions, all of which, to date, have resulted in complete victories for Ann, the most recent of which came when the California supreme court ruled she was free to take Jane with her to England while she fulfilled a two-picture contract with a British studio.

She posted a \$5,000 bond to insure the return of the child to California by Christmas, 1936.

Ann has sacrificed riches in the way of talkie offers and has cut wide gaps in her bank account to contest Bannister's many moves, and it is because her Hollywood intimates are aware of her huge outlays in attorney fees that they cabled the offer of financial assistance.

Meanwhile, the star has cast into the discard all plans she made a year ago to wed her childhood friend, Major Ben Strawbridge, U. S. A., and retire to private life. This despite the recent revelation that Bannister had secretly married Leah Welt, a Dayton, Ohio, widow, six months earlier.

"Nothing matters now—marriage, career or money—nothing but the safeguarding of Jane's future," Ann has said.

Due to heavy legal expenses, a long illness, and the cost of a retinue to protect her and Jane, Miss Harding's finances are depleted. It was not generally known until recently that Bannister was given a property settlement, amounting to a reported sum of \$100,000, at the time of their divorce.

AUGUST, 1936

## Listen in, GIRLS!



MISS NORRIS  
Wells Employment Agency

MR. PAIGE  
Paige & Barton, Inc.



"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Paige."

UNDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum!

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm—and you're safe for the whole busy day.

If you forget to use Mum before you dress, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know. And it's so soothing

to the skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum does just what you want it to do. It prevents the disagreeable odor of perspiration, and not the perspiration itself.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of ugly odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

# MUM



ANOTHER USE FOR MUM is on sanitary napkins. Enjoy the relief and freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness, which Mum affords.

## takes the odor out of perspiration





Olivia de Havilland's fine performance in *Captain Blood*, and again in *Anthony Adverse*, makes her one of the most promising younger players on the screen



You are going to be pulled in for a ducking, says Kay Linaker, but Mary Treen, Priscilla Lawson and Louise Henry ducked Kay instead

What, you can't swim? All right, Priscilla and Louise, throw out the life line! Enough is enough!



# Imaginary Conversations

Interrupted by  
Charles Rhodes



Lucille Ball to Henry Fonda: "Why, Hank!" Ginger Rogers to Jim Stewart: "You say the nicest things!"



Jack Oakie: "Am I laughing . . . he doesn't know she's married!" Wally Beery, to Mrs. Oakie: "How's about a little dance, sweet one!"



Gene Raymond to Jeanette MacDonald: "And folks are saying we are going together . . . can you tie that!"



Franchot Tone, to Virginia Bruce: "It's this way—Joan might not understand."



Harpo Marx (with Mr. and Mrs. Stu Erwin): "Just wait till I shake her husband!"

*Actually, we know this is what they did not say!*



# The Star Who Doesn't



Robert Taylor's start toward stardom was innocuous, but a steady succession of hits has placed him at the very top

**F**AIR DAMSELS MAY flutter and palpitate in a thousand movie theatres while Robert Taylor is on the screen, but that young man is blissfully unaware of these flurries.

Even a flight to New York for personal appearances and a radio broadcast, during which he was mobbed by fan-atics who grabbed a shoe, a tie, and lifted him bodily from the sidewalk, has failed to convince Bob that he now out-ranks Gable as No. 1 star of the country.

When told this fact on his return, he poo-pooed the whole fantastic idea. Believe it or not, he does not know he's famous!

The logical reason for this phenomenon is usually overlooked in a town accustomed to pomp and glory and fireworks accompanying the sensational success of a player. No such blaze moves through the studio when Bob Taylor reports for work with such stellar luminaries as Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Joan Crawford. Bob was not reared to expect a fuss to be made over him. He is acutely embarrassed by any kow-towing.

Spend twenty-one of your twenty-four years in Nebraska, and you'd know why this is the case with Taylor. He rode his own cow ponies from the time he was eight years old. All about him was a limitless, calm horizon. In the little town of Beatrice, where he grew up and went to school, the Hollywood style of putting on "front" was unknown.

The only son of Dr. and Mrs. Spangler A. Brugh (Taylor is his screen name), Bob could have become a spoiled child in his formative years. Only sons usually are, particularly in a family of considerable means. The Brughs, aware of such dangers, firmly avoided the temptation.



Every time Taylor co-stars with a dazzling lady, romance rumors start up. You've probably heard them about him and Loretta Young, who played together in *Private Number*



# Know He's Famous . . .

As a result his habit of mind is fixed upon their rules of living: innate modesty, good manners, good taste, and moderation. Valued traits, these, which are so thoroughly ingrained as to protect the son fully against gaping pitfalls prepared for all Hollywood stars. Make no prediction of a rush of vanity to the head in this instance.

## Proof Of His Calmness

● ACTUAL INSTANCES, HOWEVER, will best demonstrate the odd fact that a star can be unaware of his fame, even with the entire country in a furore.

It was during the filming of *The Gorgeous Hussy*, starring Joan Crawford with Bob playing the lead, that he was invited by HOLLYWOOD Magazine to join a group entertaining seven contest-winning girls. An apology would have been accepted from him for inability to attend, for picture making is gruelling work—yet Bob was first to arrive and graciously did his part. Such courtesies are not common in starland.

Realizing that this was an unusual young man indeed, we quietly investigated the facts in the case.

At his studio an effort was being made to induce Bob to make a personal appearance in New York. For reasons he kept to himself, Bob did not want to go. And this is why, as he informed your HOLLYWOOD reporter:

"I'm afraid the studio will discover I'm not such a good drawing card, after all."

This surprising attitude is difficult to believe, yet it is no exaggeration.

Having never been to New York, Bob was inclined to think that his arrival would create no especial excitement. True, Nelson Eddy came back to M-G-M with echoes of his receptions still ringing in his ears, but Nelson, according to Bob's point of view, is another story. "Even without

his magnetic personality, his voice would make him great," Bob points out—with considerable logic. "I am by no means an important actor with a stage following. I have no remarkable talents. I'd rather stay here and go on working my way up."

We pointed out the publicity value of a cross country trip—how reporters and cameramen would bombard him at every stop from Albuquerque to Yonkers.

Bob grinned amiably, and shook his head. "That would be a pretty hard job for any studio to arrange," he insisted.

## First Trip From Home

● ONE REASON FOR his naiveté is his utter lack of conceit or professional jealousy. Another is his home training. He was eight when he climbed his cowpony for a fifteen mile ride to his grandmother's place. His father, the town's



Taylor is a young naval officer in Joan Crawford's forthcoming picture, *The Gorgeous Hussy*, a story of the early 19th century

leading doctor, waved him goodbye. Some miles out of town the lad called his father on a rancher's phone.

"It's pretty far, Dad," said a childish treble. "maybe I'd better come home."

"You go on to grandmother's," said his father. And the boy finished his ride. He learned self reliance the hard way. An only son, Bob was obliged to devise his own entertainment and be self-sufficient. He is that way today—a few friends suffice. There was another advantage to his upbringing; his mother and father gave him adult companionship, and this means usually an adult-minded child you can reason with.

All of this was to help Bob over the jolts in Hollywood. He got into pictures not because he happened to be born with those clean-cut features which exemplify the American girl's dream of the American boy; he got his break playing the difficult rôle of the hard-drinking, cynical



Next in line for Bob Taylor is *Camille*, starring Greta Garbo. This composograph shows how they will look in love scenes

Captain Stanhope in *Journey's End*, at the Pomona playhouse. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout saw the performance and he was signed.

Bob was still a greenhorn from Nebraska. He had attended college for two years at Doane, Nebraska, and then his mother decided to bring him to Pomona to finish his college education. He continued in school after signing with Metro, graduating with his degree as Bachelor of Arts.

Time went on and very little happened to further Bob's career. He began to feel as if he were the forgotten man in this huge studio. His earlier success in amateur theatricals began to seem rather insignificant to him.

Back in Nebraska, at the Paduah Hills Playhouse, he had taken the rôle of Armand in *Camille*, and done well by it. Now, he was beginning to believe, he couldn't qualify for a walk-on bit in one of these huge productions going on in the world's largest motion picture studio. Finally he took his courage in his two hands and went to see that omnipotent and mysterious figure, Louis B. Mayer. Bob asked for a release from his contract. In fact, he insisted. He intended to go to New York and try to find stage work.

## A Dazzling Wardrobe Appears

● MR. MAYER shook his head. "You have a future with us," he said. "You've got grit. You've shown you can act. Maybe you've had some tough breaks so far, but we'll put you to work. Meanwhile, we'll do some campaigning for you."

Bob wasn't quite sure what that meant, but he soon learned. The studio wheels began to grind. Bob was called in and slicked up by the wardrobe department. Four good suits were added to his private collection, and Bob noticed "Okayed by

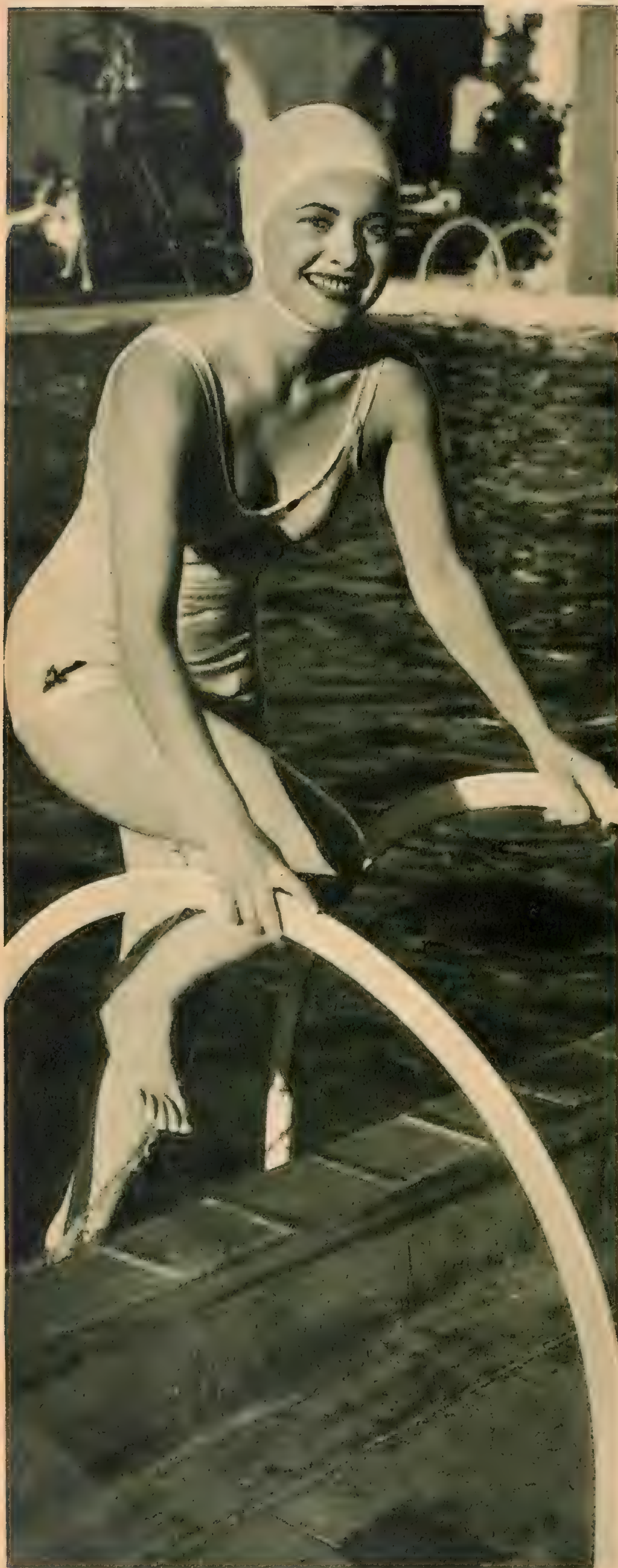
[Continued on page 64]



Especially wild were the rumors of a romance between Taylor and Janet Gaynor when they made *Small Town Girl*



# Errol Flynn's Unofficial Sweetheart



Olivia de Havilland's success in *Captain Blood* gave her the leading lady rôle in *Charge of the Light Brigade*, Errol Flynn's second picture

**E**RROL FLYNN, dashing star of *Captain Blood*, has an unofficial on-the-screen-only sweetheart, one who meets the approval of his lovely wife, Lili Damita, and the world at large.

Perhaps, if you saw Olivia de Havilland in the pirate picture, you share with us the desire to find these two new and exciting personalities in more films together. And we're going to get our wish!

Olivia, petite and big-eyed, is Errol's leading lady in *Charge of the Light Brigade*. Warner Brothers are just completing the picture now. And here's news! Warners soon will go into production on *The White Rajah*, and again Olivia is scheduled to play opposite Errol Flynn. It is interesting to note here that *The White Rajah* is a story conceived by Flynn during his own adventures in the Far East. It is co-authored by the star in collaboration with William Ulman, Jr., whose stories you have often read in *HOLLYWOOD Magazine*.

But back to Olivia, whose own story deserves full mention. We were kidding with her about this screen romance with Errol, and she flipped back like this:

"I won't marry an actor because most of them are impractical."

We suggested that Errol was practical enough.

"He's practical, all right," she admitted, "but he's married, you know. To Lili Damita. And she's awfully nice. We're good friends. She often comes on the set when we are playing together in pictures. No, Errol's not exactly the type. And besides, if he were—and he weren't married—it still wouldn't mean a thing."

"I am a little in awe of him, incidentally. Why, when we finished *Captain Blood* he really astonished me when he said he would like to have me play a romantic lead with him again in his next picture. I had thought he was just sort of putting up with me. So, you see, we may be screen sweethearts, but I don't really know him very well. He's hard to know. He surprised me again by asking for me in *The White Rajah*. That ought to be a lot of fun to make. I hope we start it soon."

## Lightning In Her Life

● A YEAR AGO Olivia de Havilland lived a quiet, peaceful life of total unsophistication in the small California town of Saratoga; today she is still living the same sort of way, excepting that she is one of the most talented, beautiful and successful young actresses in all Hollywood.

That's a lot of change for one brief year, yet it has not affected our pretty home town girl in the slightest. It is a fortunate thing, for whether Olivia realizes it or not, her phenomenal success is due in part, at least, to the fact that she has the naiveté of an unspoiled child.

Olivia, standing here before us with sparkling, large brown eyes, finds it a little difficult to believe her own success story.

"It all happened so suddenly and unexpectedly," she explained to us, dimpling into a smile. "Why, I have been in Hollywood a little more than a year now, yet it seems only yesterday that I was back in Saratoga reciting a little Shakespeare when mother would see fit. Things occurred so fast after that. It is difficult to diagnose what happened, but no small part of my picture is filled with emotional fear."

People who know Hollywood can understand how a young actress can be frightened nigh out of her wits at the thought of facing a camera, but unless you have worked under the lightning touch of Max Reinhardt, you have never known what it is to be really uneasy before the camera.

## Child Of The Far East

● REINHARDT IS THE transition point in Olivia's otherwise smooth-flowing life. Although she was born in Tokio, Japan, where her father was practicing law, that period of her life means little to the actress. Her parents brought her to California when she was three years old. And amid the 800-odd occupants of little Saratoga, Olivia grew up into the lovely lady you have met on the screen.

Her mother, an accomplished elocutionist, later became a professional reader specializing on Shakespearean plays. Gradually her mother allowed her to read small rôles, then better ones. Last year Olivia won a scholarship to Mills College and on the brink of matriculating, met Max Reinhardt through a friend.

At this point lightning entered her life. The chain of events went flashing around. And Olivia's memory of succeeding weeks is one punctuated mostly with fear and trembling and no small

[Continued on page 56]



# HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS

## Clark Gable Gets Dunned



Clark Gable

● STRANGE ARE THE ways of Hollywood, as Clark Gable will testify. A few years ago Clark was lucky enough to land a job as an extra at Warner Brothers studio. He drove his ancient Ford to work and parked it at a Burbank garage. The garageman did some work on the car for Clark. He had to charge it, and Clark paid on the bill when and if he had a few spare dollars.

The other day the gates of the studio opened wide to admit Clark in his big Deussenberg. It purred through the streets of the big lot, while stars turned to gape. Clark Gable was co-starring with Marion Davies in *Cain and Mable*, and the place was his, lock, stock and barrel.

And on the set a man approached Clark. His face was vaguely familiar. He was working as an extra. "You still owe me two bucks, Mr. Gable," he said, "for fixing your Ford."

It was during the making of this film that Gable kayoed his sparring partner, bringing as a result an offer to appear in the ring against Max Baer.

## A Hollywood Husband Makes Good



Claudette Colbert

● HOW LONG HAS this been going on? That's the question Hollywood is still asking in the wake of Claudette Colbert's marriage to silent, privacy-seeking Dr. J. J. Pressman.

Michael Bartlett is one authority who can tell you that Claudette knew her husband-to-be pretty well back as far as

*She Married Her Boss*, a Columbia picture made last year. At that time Claudette was complaining of a slight throat discomfiture. Bartlett suggested she see his throat specialist as a precaution.

"Oh, I know a very good one myself," she replied. "And besides, he's a personal friend."

Personal Friend Pressman soon became her husband. Proof that he is a very good throat specialist indeed comes from the minutes of a recent medical convention: Dr. Pressman announced a new method of combatting cancer of the throat, heretofore considered incurable. By means of a new and intricate device, Dr. Pressman is able to lower a heavy load of radium into the windpipe, exposing the tumor to the full force of the radium's bombardment.

Fearful of violating any of those ancient tabus of the medical profession, which forbids publicity of any sort, Dr. Pressman won't permit his wife to discuss marriage. Silent Claudette; unhappy fan writers!

## Up in the Air With Paul Kelly



Paul Kelly

● OF ALL PLACES to conduct an interview without fear of interruption, there's nothing to beat a transcontinental plane. No phones ringing, no bill collectors, no butler to come to the rescue of your victim. You've got him where he can't squirm away.

We were four thousand feet above the Painted Desert. Paul Kelly and his wife, Dorothy, were returning post haste from New York, to enable Paul to go to work in *Women Are Trouble* at Metro. And who should they find aboard ship but me, the demon reporter! This is what Paul told me:

"I don't see how these pilots stick so well to a straight line. A little more than a week ago my friend, Roy Gordon, and I were poring over maps showing the air routes to New York, and Roy told me I would have to be navigator while he flew his cabin plane across the country. So Dorothy and I loaded our bags in his plane and started off. It was easy for awhile. I could spot the railroads, lakes, beacons and so on, way down below. They all checked against the map. But when we got over the Alleghenies, I must have turned the map upside down or something. Anyway, first thing we knew, there were canyons below us where there should have been beacons. Nothing matched up, at all.

"We cruised about while I frantically pawed through maps and flattened my nose against the window, trying to decide where we were.

## Muddy Field Adds Woes

● "WELL, THERE WAS nothing for us to do but to set the plane down somewhere and ask at the nearest filling station which road to take. Unhappily, Roy picked a plowed field soppy with mud. We trudged across that field to a farmhouse and found out where we were, and then we couldn't take off because of the mud. Dorothy and I lugged out the bags and Roy managed to get the plane into the air, without us. A mile away was a good pasture, however, where he picked us up. After that he followed the maps himself."

Paul Kelly doesn't mind a little excitement like that.

Presently Lake Arrowhead lay below, a jade lying in the midst of the pines. Paul put his nose to the plane window. So did Dorothy.

"Ooff—look at that road!" shivered Dorothy. "I should think people would be afraid to drive those mountain curves. They give me the willies." She sat down, thankful to be in a comfortable airplane.

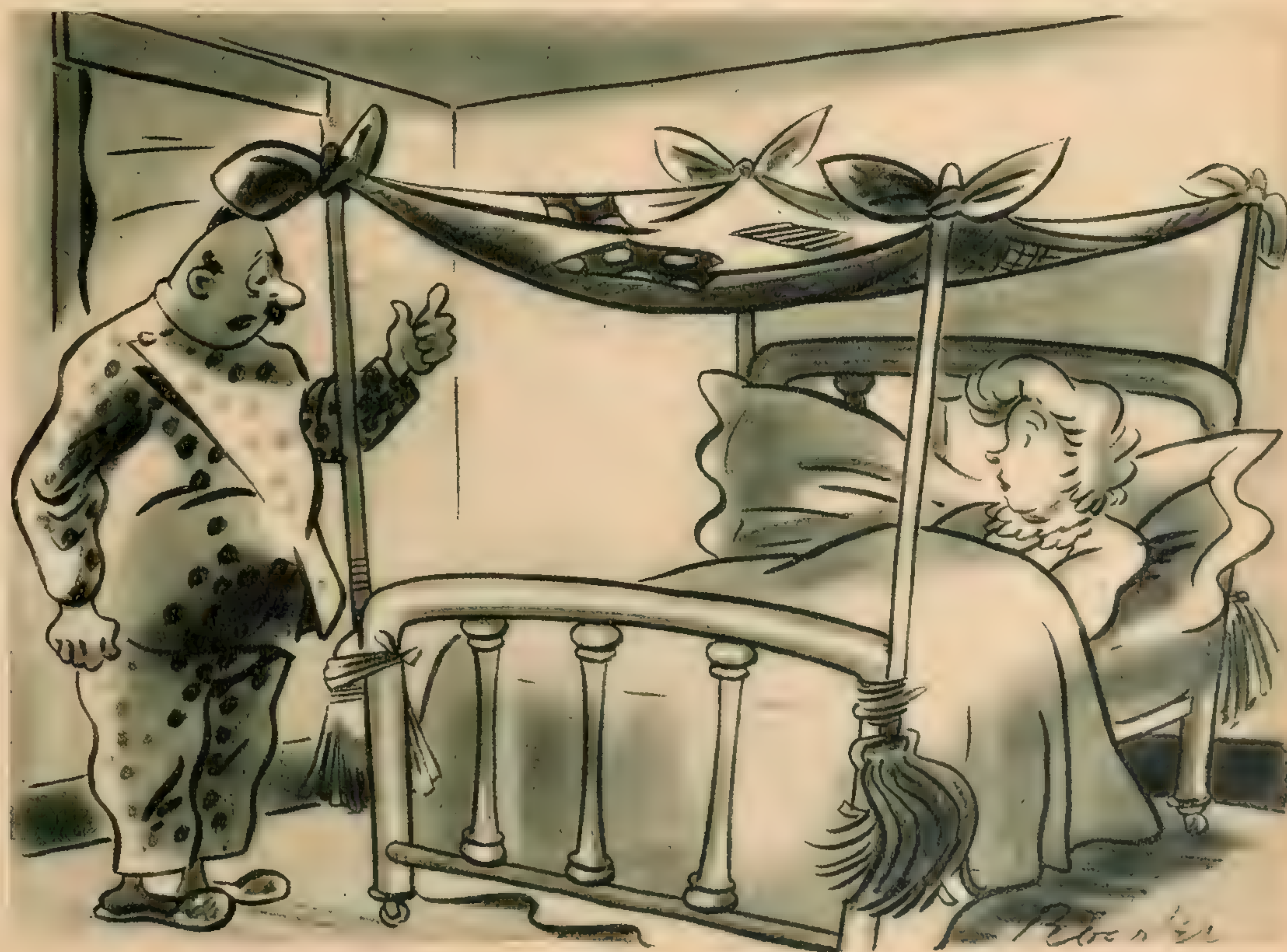
"Too bad we don't fly in over Chatsworth," Paul remarked. "I'd like to wave to *Six Bits*."

## Safe at Home Again

● THAT'S THE NAME of the polo pony given him by his late good friend, Gordon Wescott, who was killed in a polo game. Paul keeps *Six Bits*, with his three other ponies, on his ranch. Next to Paul's place they are filming *The Good Earth*. He can lean over his fence and watch Paul Muni, if he wants to.

The big TWA sky liner began to lose altitude just beyond Pasadena. The airport was only ten miles ahead; a matter of three minutes.

"I'm going right back to New York soon as I finish work," Paul said. "Got to pick up a couple suits I ordered." And the interview was over.



"Must you have everything you see in the movies?"



## Hollywood Spotlights

### Myth Dorothy Parker Vs. Mrs. A. Campbell

Men seldom make passes  
At girls who wear glasses.

—Dorothy Parker Proverb.

EVERYBODY KNOWS of Dorothy Parker, author of barbed epigrams and perpetrator of slightly naughty pranks, but few people *know* her.

And what she is like in person is a mystery; a somewhat Garbo-ish legend surrounds her—she is by way of being a myth. We decided that if she would open up, reveal all, and let the chips fall where they may, we'd have a real story. Well, she did.

In the first place, she isn't Dorothy Parker at all—she's Mrs. Alan Campbell. On the studio directory you'll find her listed as *Campbell, Dorothy P.* Although she worked for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and is under contract to Paramount, she does not appear in the Motion Picture Almanac, a weighty tome which includes everyone else in the colony.

It is a little amazing that this sophisticated young lady, whose doings and sayings are repeated all over this broad land, should be as shy as the proverbial violet.

She is, to describe her more fully, a pretty, plump, dark haired woman with bangs.

The bangs, a black band across a white brow, make her easy to recognize, yet she can escape notice in public with no more difficulty than a mouse. But those scratchings you hear are from Dorothy.



Dorothy Parker is also the wife of Alan Campbell, and if they aren't a happy pair you never saw a set! You can't believe all those wisecracks attributed to her and this interview tells why

#### She's Not A Humorist

● SHE POSITIVELY IS NOT a humorist, despite her reputation. She is happy only when she is writing something sad.

Yet the jokes credited to her make you think of Parker as being a mixture of W. C. Fields, the Four Marx Brothers, and G. B. Shaw, all under one tent—a quip-on-the-trigger lady of literature who would make Puck, himself, look like an undertaker arranging a lily.

Actually she never makes speeches or casts a vote, is always tucking herself away in far corners, and wisecracks only when she can't help it—like a mental burp.

This fact lends credence to her statement:

"I don't make up half of those wise cracks—it's Bob Benchley's nefarious work! He makes 'em up and blames 'em on me!"

The astounding disclosure that Robert Benchley is ghosting for D. Parker Campbell explodes one of the most prevalent myths about her. At the same time she admits her guilt to a few somewhat dubious pranks:

For instance, that story they tell about her first visit to Hollywood when she worked at Metro, and solved the problem of getting visitors to her office, is true. The

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### A PAIR OF OLD SKATES » » DOROTHY STONE, DON WOODS



Always a new game—and this one looks exciting. Don Woods and Dorothy Stone try a game of tennis on skates. All went well—



Until Dorothy lost control on a curve. That's right, Don—rush right over and see what you can do to help the young lady!



Oh, well, it was lots of fun while it lasted. Don't forget the liniment for the sore muscles, too!

—Charles Rhodes



# Has Mae West Reformed?

**M**AE WEST has hit the sawdust trail. Ever since she played the lady evangelist in *Klondike Annie*, the Pleasure Lady of the Screen has been undergoing a noticeable moral transformation.

She no longer visits the glittering night spots of Hollywood.

Her ringside seat at the American Legion boxing stadium has been vacant for weeks.

The beaches see no more of her million dollar curves. She gets her sun tan on an apartment house roof.

Smart shops send clothes and jewels to her suite. She does her shopping at home.

Los Angeles Chinatown is gloomy. She was its most distinguished chop-suey patron. But no more.

Fewer persons are admitted to her apartment. She shuns interviewers.

Even her taste in literature is changing. Once she studied biographies of famous courtesans. Now she prefers books of more uplifting qualities.

### She Lived A Role

● FOR YEARS MAE LIVED the rôle of Diamond Lil, the worldly character she immortalized on the stage and later brought to the screen in *She Done Him Wrong*. It was a memorable performance because Mae, as Diamond Lil, was simply being herself.

Is history repeating?

Did Mae's last screen rôle, that of the pseudo-evangelist, sober her disposition, alter her outlook on life?

Hollywood observers believe so.

There are indications which endorse the theory.

In *Klondike Annie*, as you will recall, Mae played a woman of the world, a glamorous sinner, who donned the solemn raiment of Sister Annie, a gentle evangelist, when the latter died on a strenuous voyage to Alaska.

Mae's purpose in assuming the dead

woman's identity was to outsmart police officers hot on her trail with a murder warrant. She succeeded better than she bargained. Not only did she evade the law, but she really began to live and believe in her odd masquerade. The kindly spirit of Sister Annie possessed her and Mae became a tremendous influence for good, a genuine soul-saver in the rough mining town.

Mae loved the character of Sister Annie. She created it in writing the screen story for the picture. She took the rôle seriously, lived it before the cameras. And when the last foot of film had been shot the spell of the lovable evangelist continued to sway the flaming lady of the flickers. Mae had played her part too well.

### The Change Becomes Obvious

● SHORTLY AFTERWARDS evidence of Mae's changed personality and habits made its appearance.

She curtailed social activities.

Curbed her sporting instincts.

Made fewer appearances in public.



It was while playing in *Klondike Annie*, above, that Mae West encountered a new and potent influence in her life. The oldtime Mae you see below soon changed

Selected more conservative clothes.  
Wore less jewelry.

Increased her charitable contributions.

Visited a neighborhood church more often.

More and more, she sought the sanctity of her apartment home high above the seductive night lights of Hollywood.

Like Garbo, she preferred to be alone.

In keeping with her new passion for simplicity and seclusion, Mae makes fre-

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## FLASHING SWORDS » » » CLAUDE RAINS, LOUIS HAYWARD



Tense moments from Warners' *Anthony Adverse*. Louis Hayward, as Anthony's father, hurls wine in the face of antagonistic Claude Rains



The battle starts! Swords clash on the set as these men battle literally for their lives. One sword thrust tears Hayward's trousers



The battle over, Hayward dies as his loved one, (Anita Louise) kneels by him. Thus the birth of *Anthony Adverse* presaged a stormy life



## The Nightmares in Margot Grahame's Exciting Career

**I**F YOU'VE EVER wondered what a star dreams about, Margot Grahame is a good one to ask. She has dreamed better plots than ever were written for the movies. And as for her nightmares . . . !

The luscious blonde star of Columbia Studios has reason to believe that dreams mean something. When she wakes up she can remember them vividly, and some of those visions cause her brow to knit with thought.

She dreamed about money one night. It was counterfeit, as unreal as a figment of the imagination. The next she knew she was in *Counterfeit* with Chester Morris. Usually Margot (the "t" is silent as in cranberry) plays the rôle of a lady of the evening, for she is the knee-plus-ultra in sex appeal. In *The Three Musketeers* she was a courtesan of high degree and nothing less than rubies won her favor, but in *The Informer* a shilling was sufficient.

### Success Without Riches

● HER MOST ASTONISHING adventure followed hard on the heels of a vision of her mother's. It is a Cinderella story almost beyond the bounds of magic.

Margot Grahame was living in London, in a rather attractive apartment and with no money to pay for it. While she had enjoyed considerable success and no small amount of renown as an actress on the stage and screen, there was no denying that now she was broke. Here and there along the street she owed a bill or two,



and her wardrobe was getting frayed at the edges. Her fiancé, Francis Lister, was having just as much a struggle in New York, with the ocean between them.

"If only something would happen!" she exclaimed to her mother.

"The phone will ring in a moment. It

will bring good news," her mother remarked placidly. Some uncanny prescience has always guided Mrs. Grahame. Margot was impressed.

But a few moments later when the phone did ring and a voice said: "How  
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## A WESTERN SONG » » » » » SHIRLEY TEMPLE



To be a cowgirl! That's one of Shirley Temple's many ambitions, and she practices every time her mother takes her to the desert



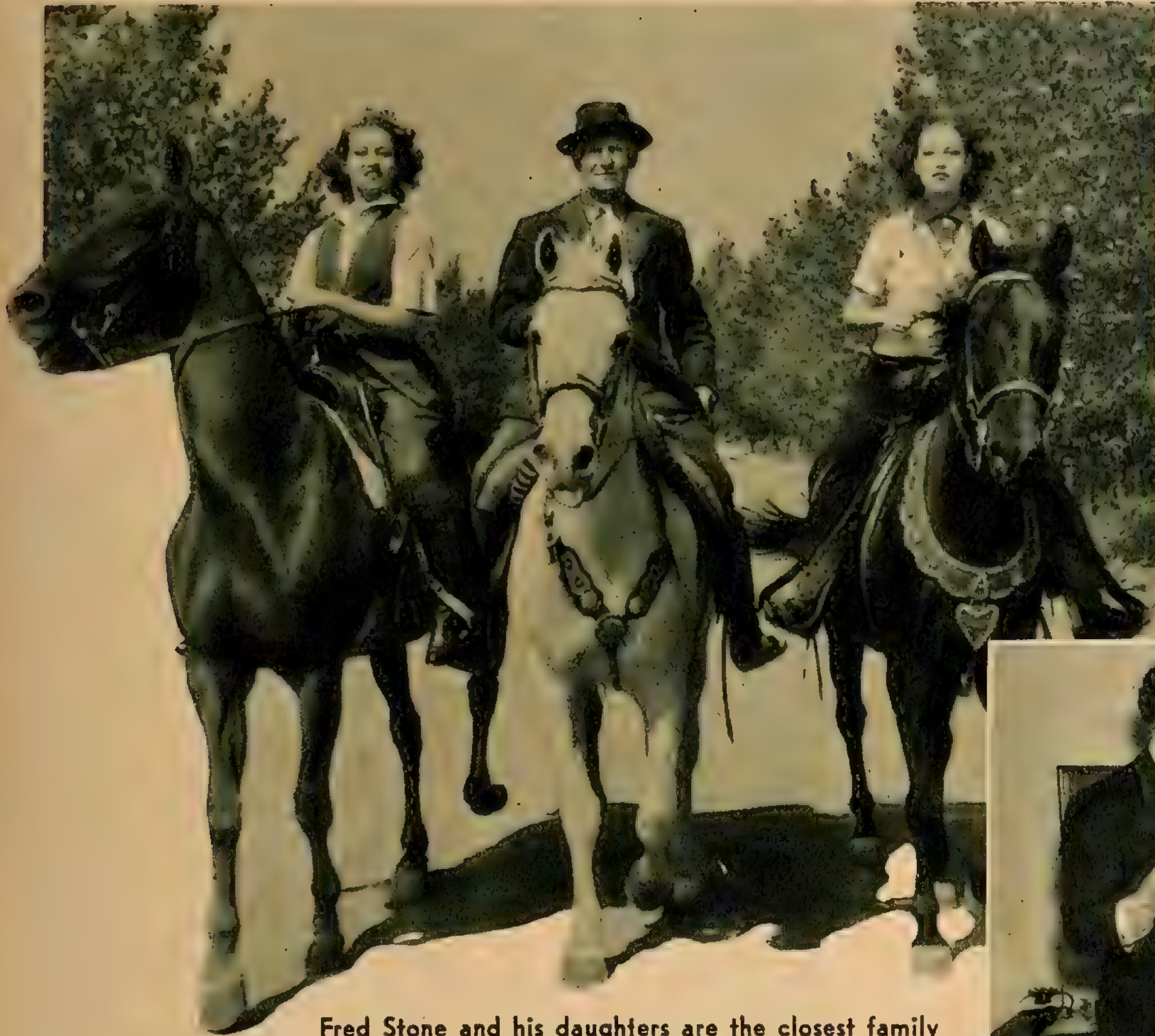
The pony is tame and friendly, but then—who wouldn't shine up to little Shirley? She's not only able to ride the animal, but she also—



can toss a rope around in several directions. Shirley is going to learn to lasso from a horse as soon as she can convince her elders it's safe!



# The Stones Live In Glass Houses



Fred Stone and his daughters are the closest family pals Hollywood has ever seen. Left, Paula and Carol go riding with their famous father. Right, Stone, Paula and Dorothy gather around as Managing Editor Jack Smalley goes through their clipping book

**T**HE STONE FAMILY, which is very much in the spotlight these days, must by this time be hardened to puns. In the public prints they have suffered such horrors as "Cast Stones in New Film," they have been the "Stones That Gather Much Moss" and have, of course, been "Rolling Stones," "Stepping Stones" and what not.

Fred Stone, head of the clan, chuckles over such by-play. He knows that when father, mother, three daughters and a son-in-law are in show business, the Stones must also suffer the necessity of living in glass houses.

Theirs is one home in Hollywood where you could leave the shades up and have no qualms about it. They are without doubt the happiest, as well as the most interesting, of all Hollywood families. When all together, the roll call is this: at the head of the table, Fred Stone, petted and pampered darling of the family, sixty-two years old but so strong and filled with health that he appears in his forties, movie star in his own right with *Farmer in the Dell*, *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* and *Alice Adams* to his credit.

At the other end of the table would be Mrs. Stone, who was the lady lunatic in

*Wizard of Oz*, and fell in love with the scarecrow. She wasn't so crazy! And in between are the younger Stones, all troupers.

## Paula, The Redhead

● PAULA STONE is that redheaded one, slim, vivacious, and having a grand time in Warner Brothers pictures. The way she spoils her Daddy is something scandalous. If it's raining he's got to wear rubbers; if he sits in a draft he has to move. He complains bitterly of all this attention, and loves it.

Then Dorothy, who is small, rather shy, and a golden blonde. Dorothy is making her first picture. Dorothy is the chief dancer of the feminine contingent, and it was while she was dancing in London that she married Charles Collins.

Charles, then, is next as we make the rounds of introduction. He is in a continual feud with Paula. Charles does magic tricks which Paula exposes. But we are gazing upon a really famous young man, who, believe it or not, stars in his first picture, and a million dollar production at that.

The film is *Dancing Pirate*, all-color extravaganza of early California, in which

he is the dancing pirate who wins Steffi Duna.

Carol is the only member of the Clan who is sticking to New York, where she made a hit in *Her Week End*. She'll be in pictures sooner or later.

Add them all up, and this is a family with enough talent to fill a dozen households. With every one an actor, or actress, one would think that there would be considerable turmoil and temperament blowing off the lid of things. Not so. For one thing, Fred Stone still wears the pants and bosses his menage.

Fred Stone, without question, was the greatest attraction Broadway ever knew. His plays would run from three to five years. His scrapbook, which we inspected the other evennig, is a history of show-business and a chronicle of the golden age of the theater. The first clipping, pub-



lished in a small Kansas weekly, was an inch long and told how Eddie and Fred Stone were practicing tight rope walking in the back yard for a kid circus. That was more than fifty years ago. The latest is a rave filling many columns of type, on Fred's work in *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, first all-color outdoor film.

## Famous Stage Team

● IN BETWEEN is a story of a great career. The team of Montgomery and Stone always brought out the S R O signs on the box office window. When Dave Montgomery died in 1917, Fred was broken-hearted. Their play, *Chin Chin*, had broken all records. But he went on to even more astonishing successes.

His favorite show was *The Wizard of Oz*, which began in 1903 and went on forever. But it is another generation that remembers that gala era, when Fred Stone was to be found heading the attractions in such well remembered productions as *The Red Mill*, *Jack O'Lantern* and others.

He and Will Rogers were pals, in every sense of the word. Fred was Will's idol. Fred could do everything a man would want to do, besides being the ace of his profession. Fred could box with Jim

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# PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHIES—CAROLE LOMBARD



1. Carole Lombard was born October 6, 1909, at Fort Wayne, Ind., and came to Los Angeles at seven. She started with Mack Sennett, but soon became a Pathé girl proudly wearing their rooster



2. At Pathé Carole learned all the lessons, including posing for Christmas publicity pictures. She sat in on story conferences, developed real sense of dramatic values



3. From Pathé she went to Paramount as leading lady in a musical, and the glamour girl personality came into full flower. Note the contrast in sophistication with her photo in the beret!



4. On loan to Universal, Carole made *My Man Godfrey* with ex-husband William Powell, hitting a new high spot in a field where she seems ideally suited—romantic comedy



# W. C. Fields Laughed at Death!

**T**HEY BROKE THE MODEL after Bill Fields was created.

When I finished filming *Poppy*, the comedy which will mark our favorite comedian's return to the screen after a long illness, the editor requested me to tell the story of the indomitable spirit and courage of W. C. Fields.

We completed *Poppy* three weeks behind schedule, but I shudder to think of how many weeks behind we might have been if Bill Fields had not insisted upon working day after day when he should have been home in bed.

To show how sick Bill was, he went to the hospital the middle of June with a temperature of 104. He had been recuperating at Soboba Hot Springs, and was taken to Riverside Hospital to fight pneumonia with the use of an oxygen tent. Stricken as he was, Bill kept up his spirits and kidded with Dr. Jesse Citron, his personal physician.

If he had not gamely struggled through the making of *Poppy*, his strength would not have been sapped to the point where his life was in danger—yet Bill has always been willing to make such gambles.

When called upon to relate this story, my thoughts ran to "laugh, clown, laugh" and "the show must go on" even though these phrases have become somewhat bromidic.

Besides, while these heart-rending phrases unquestionably describe the situation, he is not the type of man to appreciate sympathy to any great extent. He has never known the meaning of self-pity.

If anyone had the temerity to suggest to Bill Fields that he was being "big and brave" in carrying on with his job of making people laugh, the comedian would think the sympathizer "screwy."



No, W. C. Fields isn't being choked to death in this picture. They're merely correcting his posture before the cameras start grinding

By  
**EDWARD SUTHERLAND**  
as told to  
**SCOOP CONLON**

## Life of Hard Knocks

● HIS LIFE HAS BEEN one of hard knocks. From his earliest childhood recollections, Bill has had to FIGHT. He doesn't know the meaning of QUIT.

When he was nineteen, touring in Europe as a juggler, a German doctor in Berlin told him he would die of tuberculosis within six months. Instead of going to pieces, Bill promptly went out on a "bat" to forget it.

He forgot that he was a doomed man so successfully that he never gave it another thought until he was stricken with his illness of recent months.

As the doctors in Hollywood had X-rayed Bill from head to foot, they really had the low-down on him. Said the doctors accusingly:

"The X-ray show us that you once had tuberculosis. Why didn't you tell us?"

The old rascal grinned from ear to ear, and retorted:

"I haven't got it now, have I?"

The doctors agreed he didn't, but expressed wonderment that he had recovered at all, considering the precarious life

of hardships he had led in his youthful days.

Bill chuckled delightedly. "I've been one up on you doctors all my life," he said.

Which crack in golfing parlance means that he is just ONE smarter and tougher than the other fellows.

And, I ought to know because I am one of those fellows who has never been able to knock Uncle Willie's ears down on the golf course. We hit the ball much farther than Uncle Willie, but somehow he always manages to get his ball in the cup in the same number of strokes, or better, and this is what they pay off on in any game.

## Defies Doctor's Orders

● WHAT I'M DRIVING AT is that W. C.

Fields, the funny man, is one helluva tough old party. It took the wear and tear of sixty-odd years to drop the comic into the doctors' hands. And, I really felt sorry for them, because they had a rarin', tearin' old bronc' on their hands who wouldn't stay put in bed. They practically had to hog-tie him to get him to obey orders. The poor nurses wanted to quit every day because he was continually putting them on the spot by disobeying instructions.

Daily reports for several weeks had our Uncle Willie at death's door. Hollywood was in a constant dither over the possibility of losing the great comic. "How is Bill Fields today?" was the query on thousands of tongues.

That "ask no quarter, give no quarter" boyhood heritage of his—when he lived for months in packing boxes in alley ways, stole apples to juggle and eat, rode the rods under boxcars from town to town to

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Fields poses with Director Eddie Sutherland, left, and Jack Oakie during shooting of *Poppy*. He refused to quit despite his pain



Ill and worn out, Fields still had time to clown off the set. Here he goaded Sutherland into a mild rage over fake cuts on his face from shaving



# MY DAUGHTER, ROCHELLE

by  
Mrs. HUDSON

**S** EVEN YEARS ELAPSED between the time I completed finishing school and the time I married. During that time I was happy enough attending parties, going on vacation trips and generally living the life of a debutante. But after I married, I realized that those years had been utterly wasted. I hadn't accomplished one worth while thing. I made up my mind then that if I had a daughter she would be trained from early infancy to develop her talents, to have something that could never be taken from her.

Rochelle was that daughter and her training began almost the day she was born. Much of the training, I admit, was experimental on my part. I reasoned that just as a child learned to walk and talk, a child could also learn to dance, speak foreign languages, play the piano and other things in just the same manner, provided the training came so early in life that the child did not realize it was training.

I started out by not permitting Rochelle the childish privilege of "bossing" the entire family just because she was the baby. She was very bright and very cute and could easily have been spoiled had I permitted it. Like most active children she began to demand a lot of attention and to whimper when she didn't receive it.

● **CRYING FOR NOTHING** does a child no good, it makes them nervous. I decided Rochelle must not cry except for good cause. How to make a four months old baby understand that she was not to cry was a problem. I finally decided upon dashing a thimble full of water in her face. It did not hurt her but shocked her into silence for a moment or two. It didn't



Mother and daughter . . . Rochelle, the child, wasn't permitted to boss the family around . . .

take many dashings to get my meaning across to her.

There was another session that I will never forget. It occurred when she was eight months old and began, as all children do, to stand up in her high chair. Older mothers had told me to tie her in the chair with a silk stocking which would give when she strained against it, yet not permit her to stand up.

I did this a few times and then thought, "How silly. If she is old enough to stand up she is old enough to be taught that she must not do so."

● **BY THIS TIME** she had developed quite a determined mind of her own and it was a case of her will against mine. She would stand up, I would spank her lightly, and sit her down. Then we'd repeat the act. It took almost an entire afternoon but it was worth it for she never tried standing up again.

Of course, I had my entire family including my husband against me. To them I was a cruel monster taking advantage of a helpless child. My step-mother was a Sarah Bernhardt fan and felt that Rochelle showed promise, even in infancy, of becoming an actress. She had read about the temperamental outbursts of great stars and fancied that they were caused by the same divine spirit that made them great.

It did little good for me to explain that actresses, above all others, must learn rigid routine and strict discipline, for no matter how an actress felt, the show must go on.

● **ROCHELLE WANTED** to go to school from the moment that she learned children did go to school. When she was two and a half years old she would sit by the window and watch the children go by and beg to  
[Continued on page 62]

## CREATING A NEW COIFFURE » » » » » MONA BARRIE



**Contemplation . . .** "Tristram Shandy," Mona Barrie's spaniel, watches Mona while she tries to think of a new hairdress



**Inspiration . . .** Shandy, you've given her a grand idea! Now watch what's going to happen to Mona's dark tresses!



**Consummation . . .** Shandy, you deserve a place of honor! Behold the new Shandy coiffure, which makes Mona a different person



## Hollywood's Death Defier

**I**NTRODUCING—Hollywood's "thrill director," the shock-absorber for the big shot directors, a "ghost" whose handiwork is to be found in virtually every major film production in which authenticity and realism are found—and who is perhaps the least known of all of the screen capital's important workers.

He is Richard Rosson, 115 pounds of devil-may-care energy and driving-power, to whom a California grey whale, a tiger shark or 4,000 extras all look alike—something and someone to curb to his will.

Thirteen men have died before Rosson's eyes in the filming of thrill sequences during the past ten years—yet Rosson is a humanitarian and sentimentalist who does not hold human life cheaply and whose life ambition is to be instrumental in abolishing capital punishment.

When Hollywood studios want spine-chilling sequences for their movie thrillers, they dial a telephone number, sit back for a few minutes, and then the diminutive Rosson enters their executive offices, tosses his hat on a polished desk and asks:

"Well, what do you want now?"

There is a brief pow-wow, the little fellow gets his instructions and a short time later is in an airplane bound for almost any remote corner of the world. A few days later he wires, cables or radios for exactly what he wants in the way of men, money and equipment. A location unit is dispatched to him and another thrilling motion picture is on its way toward completion.

But you will never see Dick Rosson's name among the credit titles on the screen when the picture is finally shown. The director who remained at the studio waiting for the location rushes will get the credit.



A great tree was dynamited from the top . . . a human body fell lifeless across a limb . . . real drama during production of *Come and Get It*



Filming a scene in Idaho's new snow country for Goldwyn's *Come and Get It*. Georgie Breakston takes directions from "Thrill" Director Richard Rosson, film-land's death defier, on the right

### Mimic Revolution Was Bloody

● YOU SAW Rosson's craftsmanship in *Viva Villa*, but you didn't know that it was Rosson who staged a mimic revolution in Mexico at the cost of three lives in order to give the picture its punch, or that he almost paid with his own life in staging

it. You saw his work again in *Tiger Shark* but they didn't tell you it was Dick Rosson who led a location unit to the Galapagos Islands to shoot the thrill sequences, who went without water on one of those volcanic islands four days and who, with a boat-load of cameramen, was  
[Continued on page 46]



"Thrill" Director Rosson lives up to his name. When he goes into action, he gets those tense moments that make a picture vital and thrilling



Rosson—on the right—had plenty of narrow escapes in the Arctic when he got special scenes for the highly successful film, *Eskimo*



# Allan Jones, Two-Fisted Singer

**I**T WAS BLACK MIDNIGHT, 1926. Allan Jones, destined some ten years later to be an overnight movie sensation, left the steaming ovens of the bakery and walked down a ribbon of light into the open air.

"Jake!" he boomed out into the night.

"Huh?" A voice came from a prone figure on the grass.

"How about you working for a change?" Allan Jones demanded, his fists flexing ominously.

Jake opened a sleepy eye. "Why should I—you're my helper. Get busy, choir boy, and let me be."

Jones' twitching toes moved forward none too gently. They met soft flesh, and instantly Jake was on his feet, fists raised and eyes glaring balefully.

Allan Jones snorted. "Choir boy, huh!" His fists swished in the darkness. Thud! a grunt. The sound of battle swelled to a furious crescendo.

Came the dawn, and two former employees of the bakery began looking for new employment.

Allan Jones laughs at such things now, but this young M-G-M star's life has brimmed with tense moments. Together, these events make him conspicuous as a polished actor with a two-fisted background.



As Gaylord Ravenal in *Showboat*, Allan Jones moved right up to stardom. In this scene he meets Magnolia (Irene Dunne), and woos her with his golden voice

## Life No Bed Of Roses

● TALK TO JONES and you realize that behind those twinkling eyes is the glint of strict appraisal. Get his story and you will understand from whence came this he-man quality. Life has been a bed of thorns indeed for this man who now faces a rosy future.

"I was blessed with a pretty fair voice," Allan Jones admits, "which was handed to me on a tin platter by my father. At the age of four I stood up on a chair and sang *All Through the Night* for a church congregation. It is hard to dodge adula-

tion at that age. Maybe I liked it. Maybe it was then that I decided a songster's life was the life for me."

Allan likes to drink coffee when he is interviewed. He likes to pretend that this is not for publication at all. That this is nothing more than an afternoon's reminiscence. Awaiting his next picture assignment, he lolls around in cool sport clothes. Just now he is wearing a brown checkered coat, a wine colored shirt, a tie someone sent him from Paris, and an air of summerish contentment.

Unless duly prodded he does not like to go into these details of his early struggles

in the general neighborhood of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

"In high school I did all sorts of jobs to earn money," he recalls. "It is no exaggeration to say that many times I worked eighteen hours a day. One of the best summer jobs I had was being a chauffeur. I went to Atlantic City with a New York family, and started out with a brand new uniform. In a few days I was eating at the same table with them, and to this day those kind people are still my good personal friends."

In winter times other jobs came along  
[Continued on page 52]

## "Handies" Turn to "Slangies"

«

«

«

«

«

## Glenda Farrell



Glenda Farrell illustrates Hollywood's newest game. If you can't guess it, she's "Laughing up her sleeve"



If this handie could be shown with sound, you would have no trouble recognizing that Glenda is "talking through her hat"



Two guesses—and you may be right both times. Glenda may be either "left holding the sack" or telling you "it's in the bag"



## BEHIND THE SCENES « « SAN FRANCISCO



**R**ARE SHOTS, THESE, made at risk of life and limb during the great San Francisco fire and earthquake on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot by intrepid Charles Rhodes, Hollywood's staff cameraman.

This production, ranking high among Metro's list of big pictures, is based on the catastrophe at San Francisco, and stars Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. All visitors were prohibited from the sets during the earthquake scenes. Hard-boiled director W. S. Van Dyke put realism into those shots. Gable was knocked about, bruised by falling walls. The earth opened up in a terrifying manner.

Behind the scenes of the production, Rhodes snapped busily. He got Jeanette putting on her make-up in the privacy of a mob of extras and technicians. A

finger rubbed on lipstick; inspection of the result is pictured here.

Already dusty and covered with scratches, Gable's face was deemed insufficiently damaged. A bucket of prop blood was called for, and here his cheek is being smeared with the oily substitute for the real thing.

Spencer Tracy, in a brilliant rôle as a priest, joins Gable and Miss MacDonald while waiting for a new camera set-up, and as the picture proves, they still find time to laugh. So this is *San Francisco*!

In this picture Jeanette plays the rôle of a singer who is befriended by Gable, a notorious figure in the night life of the town. Later in her career she has a dramatic opportunity to repay the favor. Metro and less prejudiced observers rank this film as a high spot of the fall season.

Van Dyke gave twenty-four silent film stars work to do, writing in small bits for them. This generosity is a habit with Van Dyke and it is a red letter day for the jobless when he starts a picture. The bits so far have brought contracts to twelve of the old timers who act in *San Francisco*.

D. W. Griffith visited the set one day and Van Dyke asked him to direct a few scenes for the fun of it. Van got his start in pictures as a prop boy when Griffith made *Tolerance*.

Two new songs were written for Jeanette to be sung in *San Francisco*. One of these, *Would You*, already is a hit, having been tried out on the radio. She sings everything from hymns to grand opera in the picture.

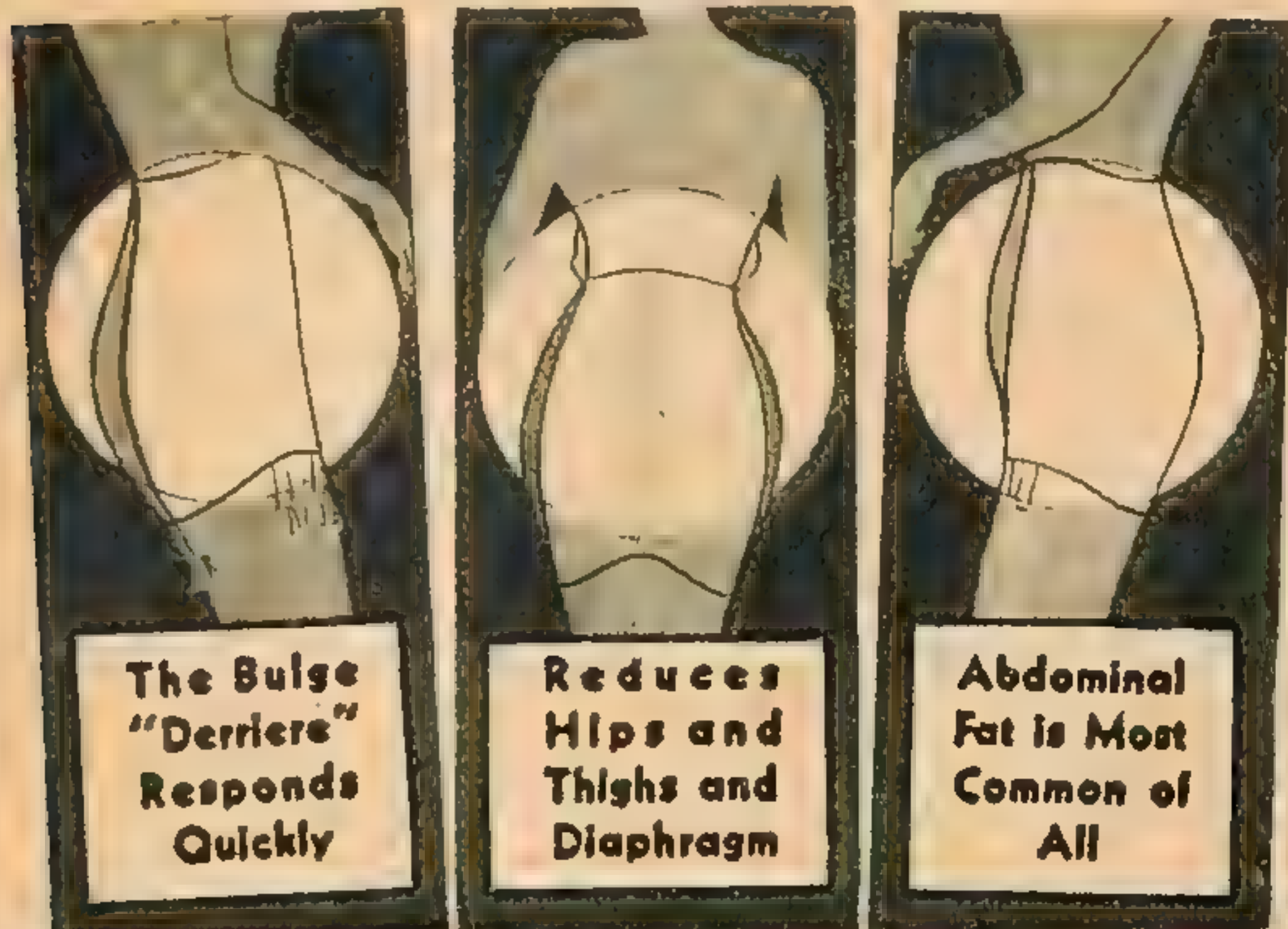
Jeanette sang *Would You* at a birthday party given for her the last of June.



**REDUCE . . .**  
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS  
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS  
or no cost!

**"REDUCED  
9 INCHES"**  
writes  
Miss Healy

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS



## Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

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■ You do not risk one penny . . . simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

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Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

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## Reviews of the Previews

by Top Hat . . . his expression tells the story

**MY MAN GODFREY**—(Universal)—Carole Lombard and William Powell wanted to make a bang-up picture together ever since their divorce. This is it; a smartly turned, sophisticated comedy with the craft of one-time cartoonist Gregory La Cava to make it top-notch. Carole, on a "scavenger hunt," goes to find a forgotten man, brings back Bill Powell in rags and tatters from the city dump. Capricious Carole makes him the family butler; Bill begins to run things, and the fun waxes furious. Alice Brady, flutter-brained mother; Gail Patrick, scheming sister; Mischa Auer, sponging artist; Eugene Pallette, harrassed father—all are magnificent.



My Man Godfrey—Carole Lombard and Bill Powell in best farce of the month

**EARTHWORM TRACTORS**—(Warner Brothers)—Made to measure for Joe E. Brown, playing Alexander Botts, super-salesman, from the SatEvePost yarns. Looking for something big to sell, Joe drops his peddling of novelties and takes on tractors. Screamingly funny is his effort to demonstrate machine to Guy Kibbee, dyspeptic lumber yard owner; sure-fire are the laughs when Joe runs the caterpillar tractor over Kibbee's mired truck. Laughs and thrills jam every foot of film. Entertainment for all the family, this is Brown at his best.



Earthworm Tractors—Guy Kibbee, June Travis, Joe E. Brown; best family entertainment

**ROAD TO GLORY**—(20th Century)—Another story of the World War, this picture packs a heavy emotional wallop through the fine performances of three stellar film personalities. Fredric March reports to veteran Warner Baxter for service. Baxter leans on March for help, moves his men forward to certain death for many of them. Lionel Barrymore arrives as the aged father of Baxter, determined to serve France despite his years. These three create plenty of suspense with their mixed fortunes. June Lang, as the nurse, provides the third leg of a love triangle involving Baxter and his lieutenant. Chief reason why this picture is not macabre: Gregory Ratoff, whose comical antics are achieved through dry wit and deliberate action. If you plan to see *Road to Glory*, you must prepare yourself for scenes of horror such as the man dying out on the wires ahead of the front line trenches. But you will get in return a fresh reminder of war's futility, and glimpses of blind courage which soldiers gave in the name of patriotism.



Road to Glory—Best drama. Warner Baxter, Gregory Ratoff, Fredric March

**PAROLE**—(Universal)—Exposing the evils of the parole system and suggesting a logical correction, this Universal film is good entertainment and presents two promising young players to screen audiences. Henry Hunter as the courageous youth on parole, and Ann Preston as the ingénue love interest, are impressive and obviously deserve good futures. Alan Baxter again does one of those superb gangster rôles that have made him famous in half a dozen pictures. Alan Dinehart and Alan Hale are gang chiefs.



Hearts Divided—Fair costume drama. Marion Davies, Dick Powell, George Irving

**POPPY**—(Paramount)—They said W. C. Fields would never live to make this one, but he not only fooled the pessimists, he turned out a typical fun-spilling Fields' vehicle well worthy of being added to his long list of successes. It is the year of 1883. Fields is a carnival grifter who has raised the orphaned girl (Rochelle Hudson). She falls in love with the son of the town banker. The romance with Dick Cromwell, and its complications, all involve Fields' clever intrigue and gay comedy. Here is a family picture that should make you grin all over yourself.



**HEARTS DIVIDED**—(Cosmopolitan)—This is the story of Napoleon (Claude Rains), his brother (Dick Powell, of all people!), and the girl he fell in love with (Marion Davies.) Powell comes to America as his brother's representative, falls in love and braves the wrath of Napoleon to marry the girl he loves. The picture provides only fair entertainment. Miss Davies has momentarily abandoned her obvious comedy talents for something romantic. Powell is splendidly mis-cast. On the favor-



[Continued on page 36]

HOLLYWOOD





**WISH I WAS  
HOME AGAIN—  
I HATE THIS  
PLACE...**



**SALLY'S  
BAD  
SKIN  
NEARLY  
QUEERED  
HER  
WHOLE  
SUMMER**

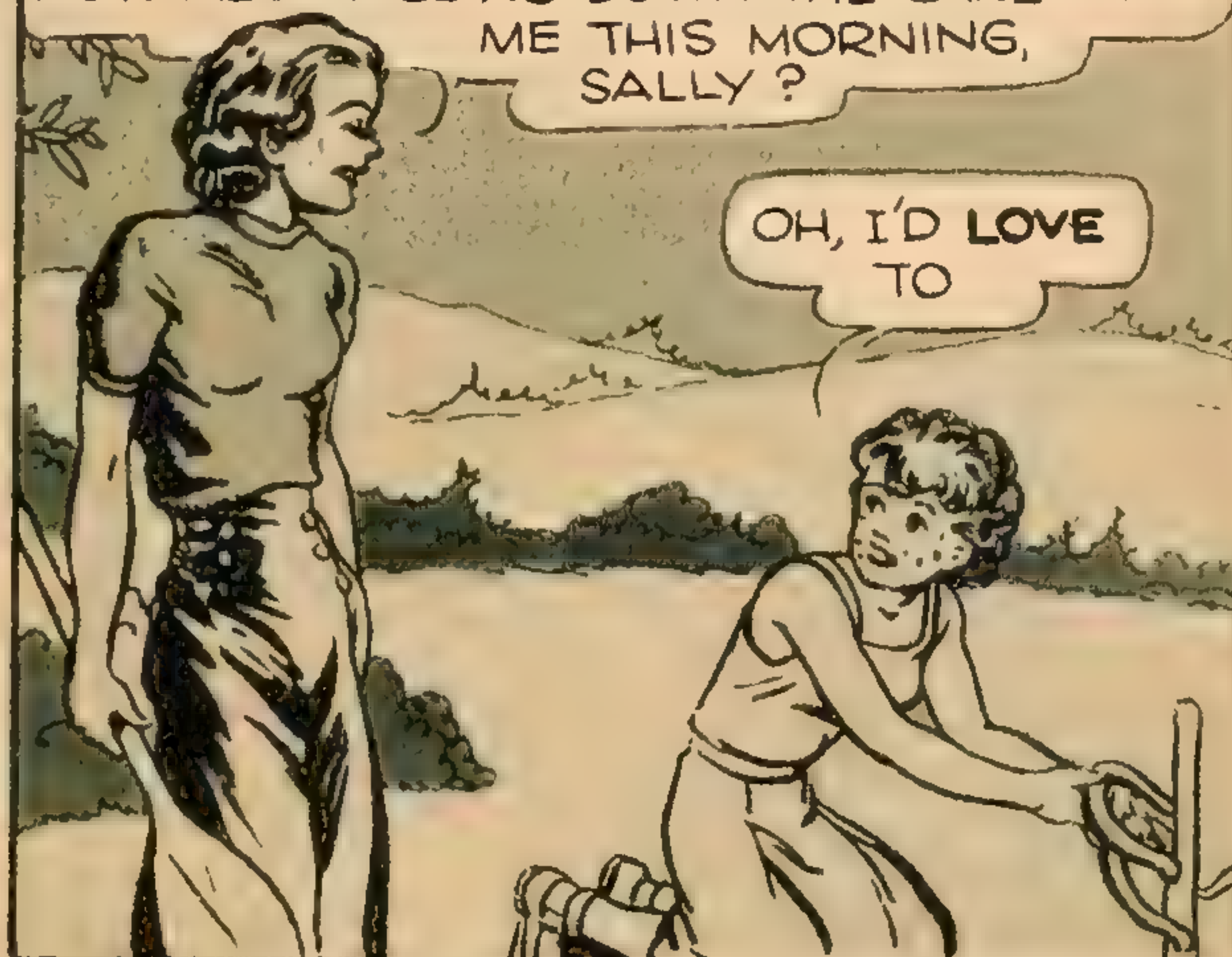
WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC

IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS



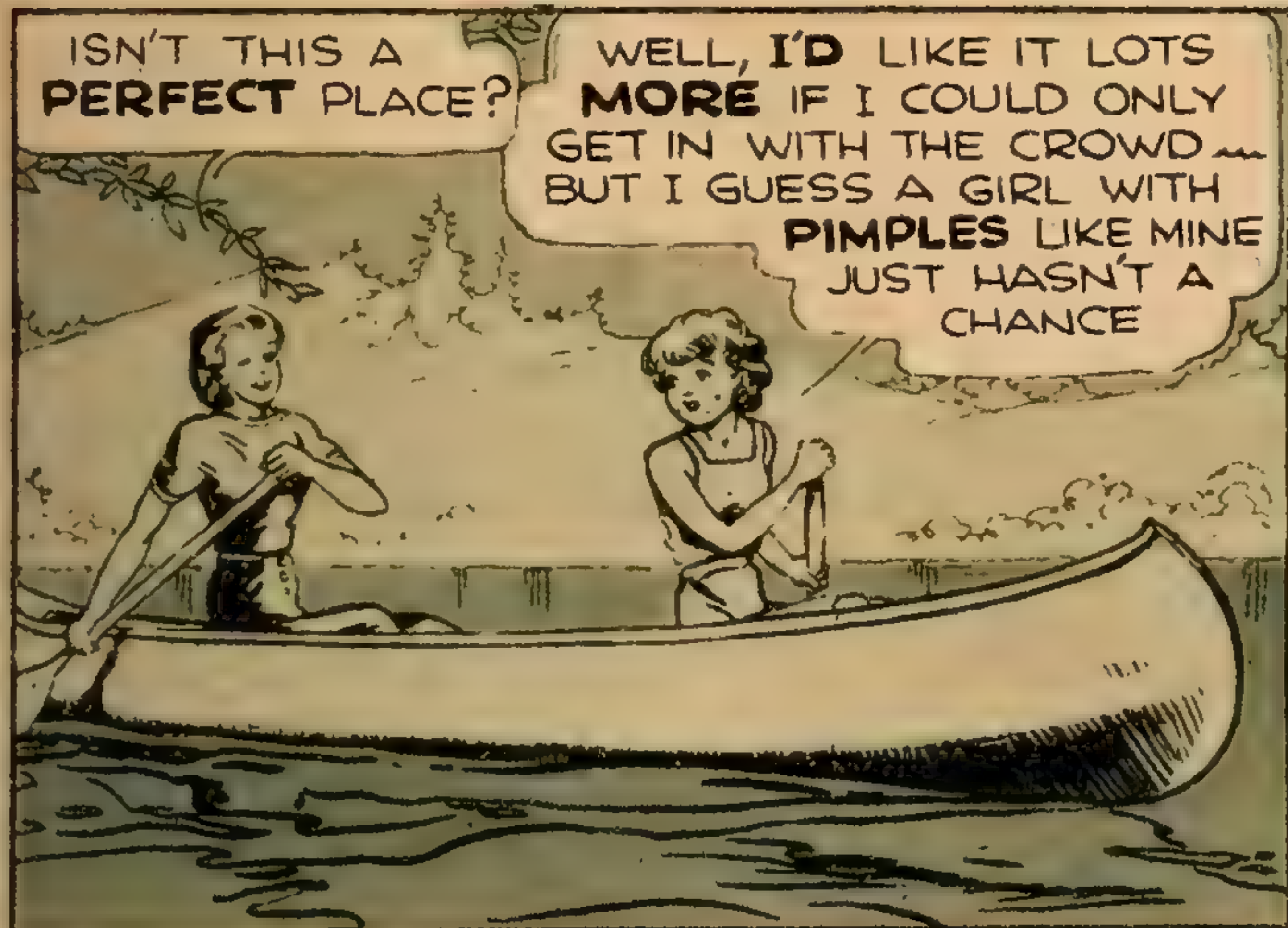
HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?

OH, I'D LOVE TO



ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?

WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE



NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?

I CERTAINLY WILL—I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME



**LATER** SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME—THERE'S NOT ONE PIMPLE LEFT!

GOOD WORK—SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!

HI, THERE, SALLY—HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU



**—clears the skin  
by clearing skin irritants  
out of the blood**

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**Don't let adolescent pimples keep  
YOU from making friends**

**G**OOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!





**DON'T QUIT  
HALF  
WAY**

**Forhan's goes deeper**

**DOES BOTH JOBS**

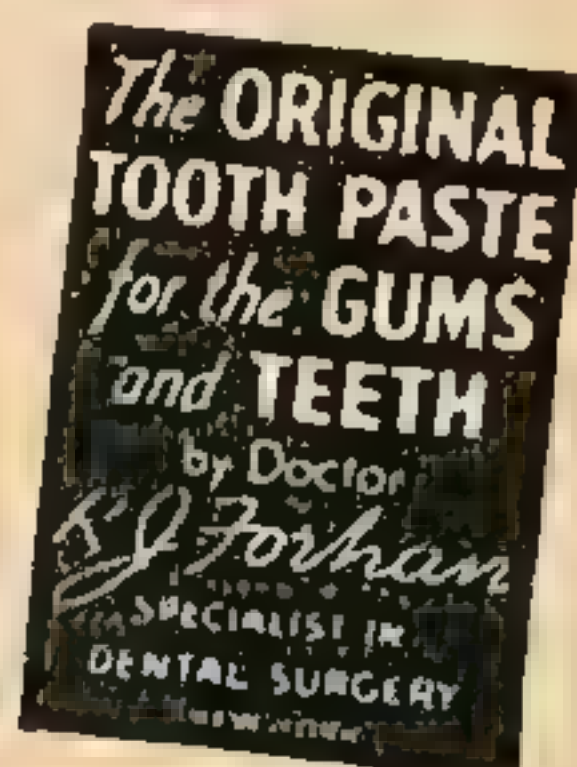
### CLEANS TEETH

Half way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, sick, failing gums! Forhan's does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes.

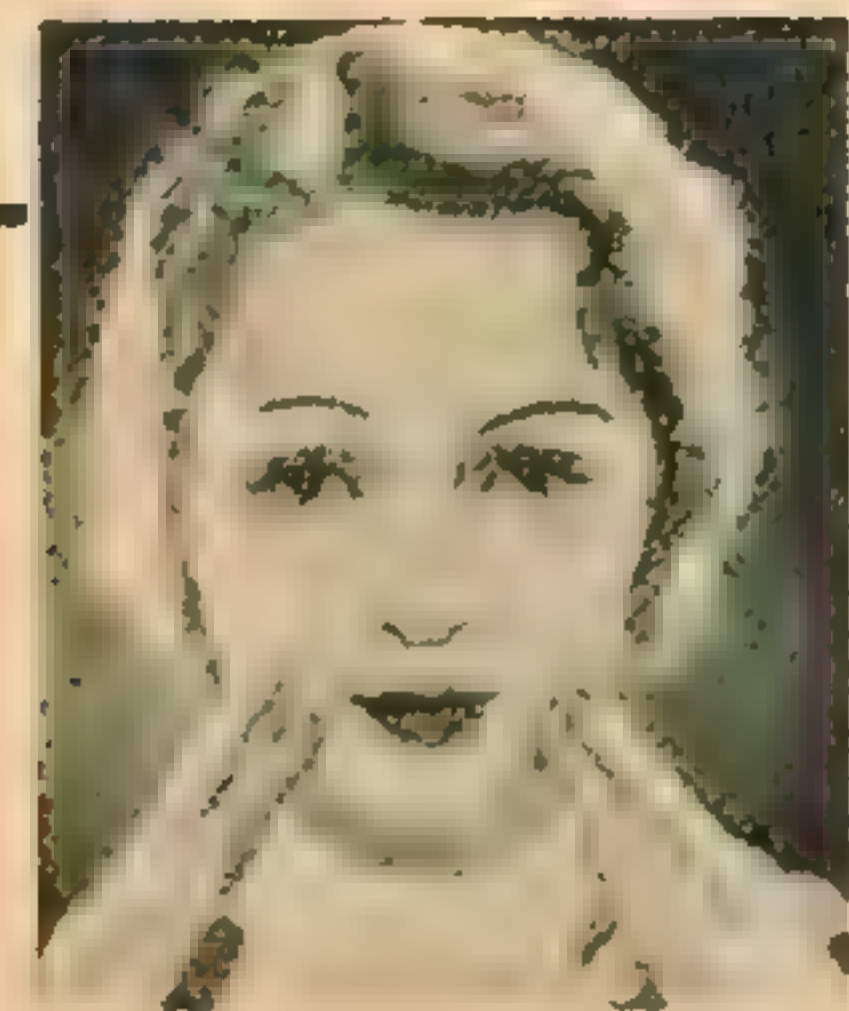
### SAVES GUMS

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin today to use Forhan's. Notice how much better it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhan's was created by one of the leading dental surgeons in the country. There is no substitute for its protection. Ask for Forhan's today.

**Forhan's**



**Finds Way To Have  
Young Looking Skin  
at 35!**



**S**MART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific

way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

## Reviews of the Previews

(Continued from page thirty-four)

able side of the ledger is Claude Rains, whose Napoleon rôle is something to rave about. Charles Ruggles, Edward Everett Horton and Arthur Treacher are supposed to be a comedy trio. They succeed in their efforts at intervals. This picture lacks neither big names nor fancy decorations to make it a hit; that it misses the mark is regrettable. Nevertheless it cannot be brushed aside as insufficient entertainment. To many *Hearts Divided* will prove pleasing and worthwhile.



**Poor Little Rich Girl**—Michael Whalen, Shirley Temple

**POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL**—(20th Century)—Shirley Temple's newest offering steps right out and keeps pace with her best. Shirley, daughter of a soap magnate, gets lost one day, calls it a vacation. She falls in with a pair of ham troupers (Alice Faye and Jack Haley.) They take an audition for a radio program, land a contract on Shirley's merits. Inevitably, the sponsors are rivals of Shirley's film father, Michael Whalen. Gloria Stuart enters the picture as proper love interest for Whalen's loneliness. Shirley's acting is beyond criticism. Next in grabbing honors is Alice Faye, who needs to watch her alarming increase in weight. Haley and Miss Stuart are good, but Whalen's performance misses through coldness.

**AND SUDDEN DEATH**—(Paramount)—The highly exploited title of this picture (thanks to *Reader's Digest*) should give hope that here is something unusual and of value in recent productions. The film does not measure up to its potentialities. It presents Randolph Scott as the traffic director; Frances Drake as a reckless young beauty; Tom Brown as her equally reckless brother. It is obvious from the first that Scott will fall in love with Miss

Drake, that she will become involved in a serious accident. With poor handling of prearrangements whatever merit this picture has must be found in the story. If Scott, Drake and Brown provide these elements, you may possibly conceive this as satisfactory entertainment.

**PALM SPRINGS**—(Wanger-Paramount)—Frances Langford, Sir Guy Standing, Ernest Cosart and a radio find, Smith Ballew, are the principal features of this sprightly picture. Obviously a story of the famous California resort town where dollars roll over the tills and hills, the picture portrays the love affair between rich Frances Langford and cowhand Ballew. David Niven, cultured lad with no ambition, vies for her interest, prodded along by his

aunt, Spring Byington. You will find the story bolstered by a good cast doing good work. Ballew looks like good material in this first picture, possessing a homespun sincerity and unaffected straightforwardness.

**YELLOW CARGO**—(Pacific-Grand National)—presents Conrad Nagel likewise in the rôle of a government undercover man out to break up a smuggling ring. Smugglers, acting as independent movie company filming a Chinese picture off the coast, take out white actors in make-up, bring back boatloads of Chinese aliens. Nagel's rôle is substantially portrayed. You will find Vince Barnett capable as the dumb-bell news photographer. Eleanor Hunt

as a girl reporter and Jack LaRue as a gunman click nicely.

**THE WHITE ANGEL**—(Warners)—This is the story of Florence Nightingale, and her valiant efforts in launching the movement which was eventually to become the Red Cross of the civilized world. With the title role portrayed by Kay Francis, this picture becomes a moving, poignant story cleverly unfolded by the expert direction of William Dieterle. Sticking close to fact, it takes spectators behind the scenes in the Crimean War (1854-56). Miss

Francis plays her role superbly, is given able assistance by an excellent cast which includes Donald Woods as the suitor, Donald Crisp as the head army surgeon, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce and many others.

**EARLY TO BED**—(Paramount)—Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland are married again—cinematically speaking—in this uproarious comedy. They have been engaged for 20 years before the knot is finally tied and Ruggles carts her off to a sanatorium where he hopes to sell a large order of glass eyes to a big business man (George Barbier). Complications revolve around Ruggles' suppressed sub-consciousness. As a sleepwalker he gambols on the lawn,

becomes involved in a murder mystery. The entire situation gives Ruggles full use of his favorite comedy routines. It's a funny picture, sure to draw guffaws from all but the most morose.



**Poppy**—W. C. Fields, Rochelle Hudson

**FURY**—(M-G-M)—Sylvia Sidney and Spencer Tracy have the leading rôles in this powerful story of mob action and its consequences. Suspected of being kidnapers, the two barely escape being burned alive in a jail when the mob runs wild. It is Tracy's part to suddenly evolve from a tolerant, quiet individual into a madman of raging fury over the mob's action. Both Tracy and Miss Sidney bring their characterizations to a skillful, emotional climax. With hysteria as a background, this picture quite possibly can prove too strong a thing for many theater patrons. On the other hand it represents consummate artistry for its own type of drama, well worth your attention.

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Hollywood urges that you add to your enjoyment of forthcoming films by first reading the complete fictionizations of them in **Romantic MOVIE STORIES**, now on sale at 10c. August issue features "The Gorgeous Hussy."



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I EVER TOOK ...  
AND I PAY ONLY  
**10¢** FOR A ROLL  
OF FILM!"

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THAN 1/2 YOUR FILM COST...  
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BETTER PICTURES!

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# WHAT TO DO IF YOU ARE Weak, Rundown Nervous Skinny!

Get Kelpamalt's Natural Iodine  
into Your Blood and Glands—  
Then... These Results Quick or  
Your Money Back!

NOW IS  
THE BEST  
TIME TO  
START  
KELPAMALT



1. Improved Appe-  
tite.
2. Add at least 5  
lbs. of Good  
Solid Flesh.
3. Strengthen  
Nerves.
4. Ordinary Stomach  
Trouble Ban-  
ished.
5. Sounder Sleep.
6. New Strength,  
Energy and En-  
durance.

If you are weak, skinny and run down—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to one of the real causes of these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities, in spinach, lettuce, etc.). The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Seedol Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Seedol Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Seedol Kelpamalt's iodine you quickly normalize your weight and strength-building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Seedol Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious, vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, if it doesn't relieve ordinary stomach trouble, and give you calm nerves, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated and do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

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## Hollywood's Charm School

# Blouses for Your Budgets

REQUESTS OF ALL SORTS come into this department—the latest being an SOS wishing to know what we would suggest for the girl dressing on a limited budget.

This hurry call even accused us ever so gently of talking in terms of sable and ermine, fine laces and lamé and leaving much too much unsaid about humbler hides and fabrics within the reach of those who labor for love and for a living.

We have posed this question before the high tribunals of some of our best designers, who are—almost to a man and a woman—agreed that no girl who dresses



Patricia Wilder, appearing in the M-G-M production, *Speed*, wears a light-weight flannel blouse for cool days that is perfect for the working girl

on a budget could get along without one, preferably two, good tailored suits. This means especially good in quality and extremely simple in design, so that the suit itself will not be conspicuous for any cut or pattern. The reason for this is that to keep it in smart circulation there must be several changes of blouses and accessories to give it a completely different look each time.

With a change of blouses the tailored suit can pinch hit for almost any occasion; severe and simple blouses for business hours and dressier ones of crêpe, embroidered organdie or batiste for the informal dinner date.

The first picture shows Patricia Wilder, who makes her screen début in the M-G-M production *Speed*, wearing a light weight flannel blouse for cool days that is perfect for the working girl.



Navy blue linen fashions this becoming blouse from the personal wardrobe of Marsha Hunt. A small collar and ruffled jabot are youthful fashion notes



Handkerchief linen is smart for summer. Marsha Hunt wears a blouse of this fabric in sapphire blue trimmed with a double bib effect and tiny pearl buttons



## Fashions

by  
Sally Martin

Smartly tailored, it offers unusual sleeve interest and novel polka dot scarf and belt treatment.

Navy blue linen fashions the second blouse from the personal wardrobe of Marsha Hunt, Paramount player, appearing in *Desert Gold*. The front is flanked with ruffles of the linen animated by an edging of white ric-rac braid.

Handkerchief linen is "the tops" for blouses this summer. Marsha, in picture number three, wears a smart model of sapphire blue with a double bib effect outlined in white ric-rac braid. The



Marsha selects a tailored white crêpe blouse for afternoon wear. A pin-tucked front, Chinese neckline and short sleeves are interesting

neckline is high and tied with a narrow bit of the linen. Tiny pearl buttons accent the front.

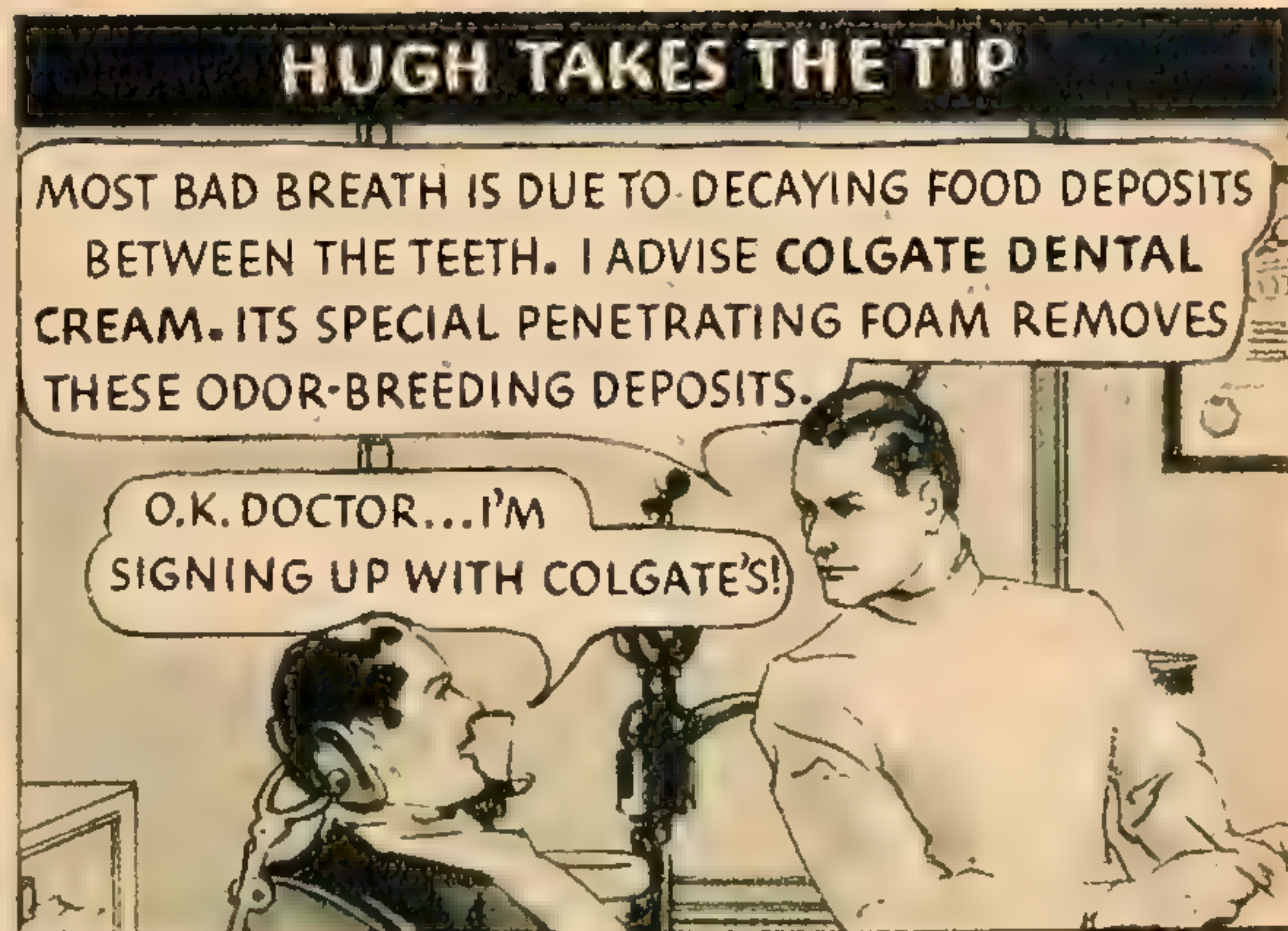
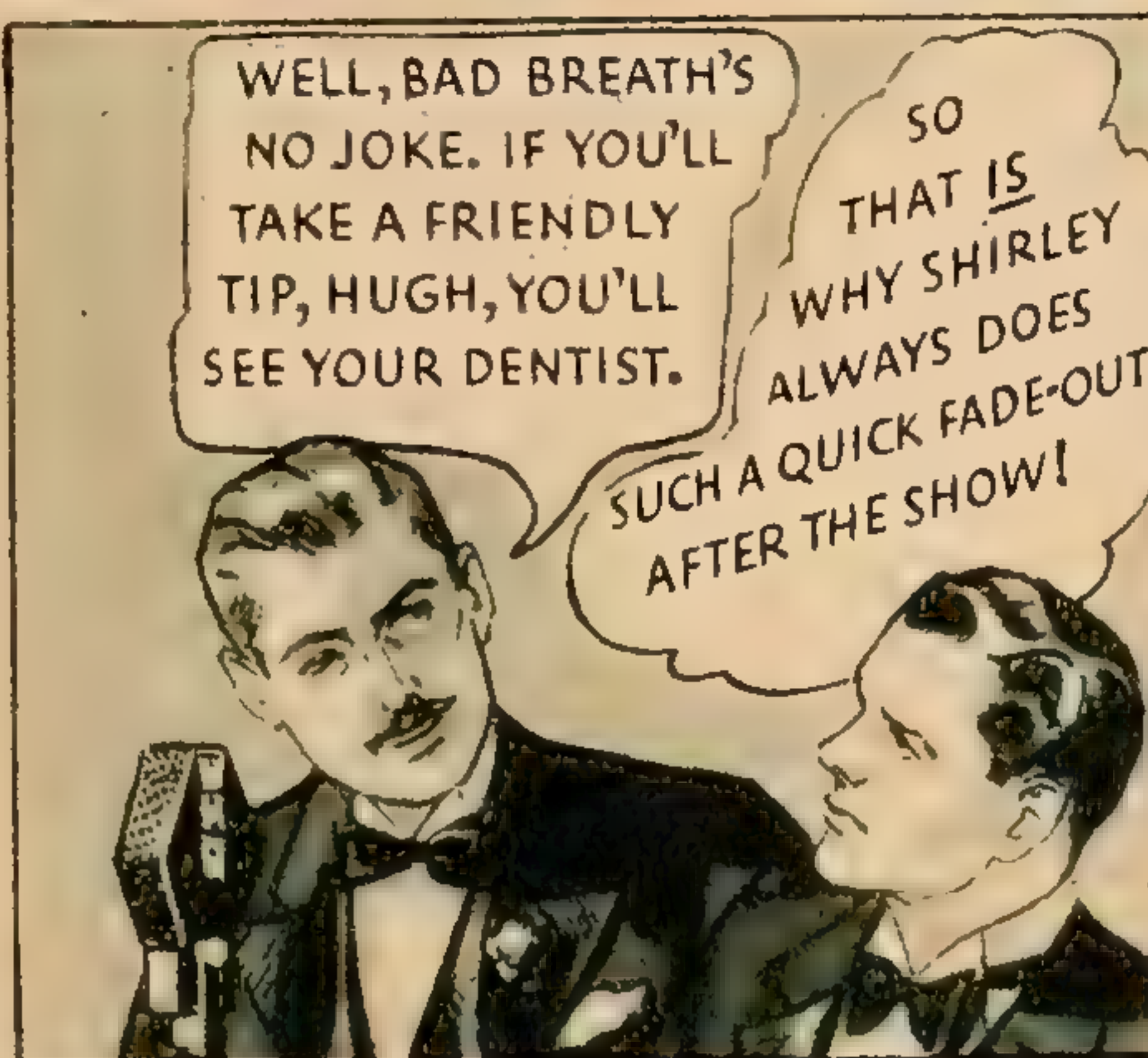
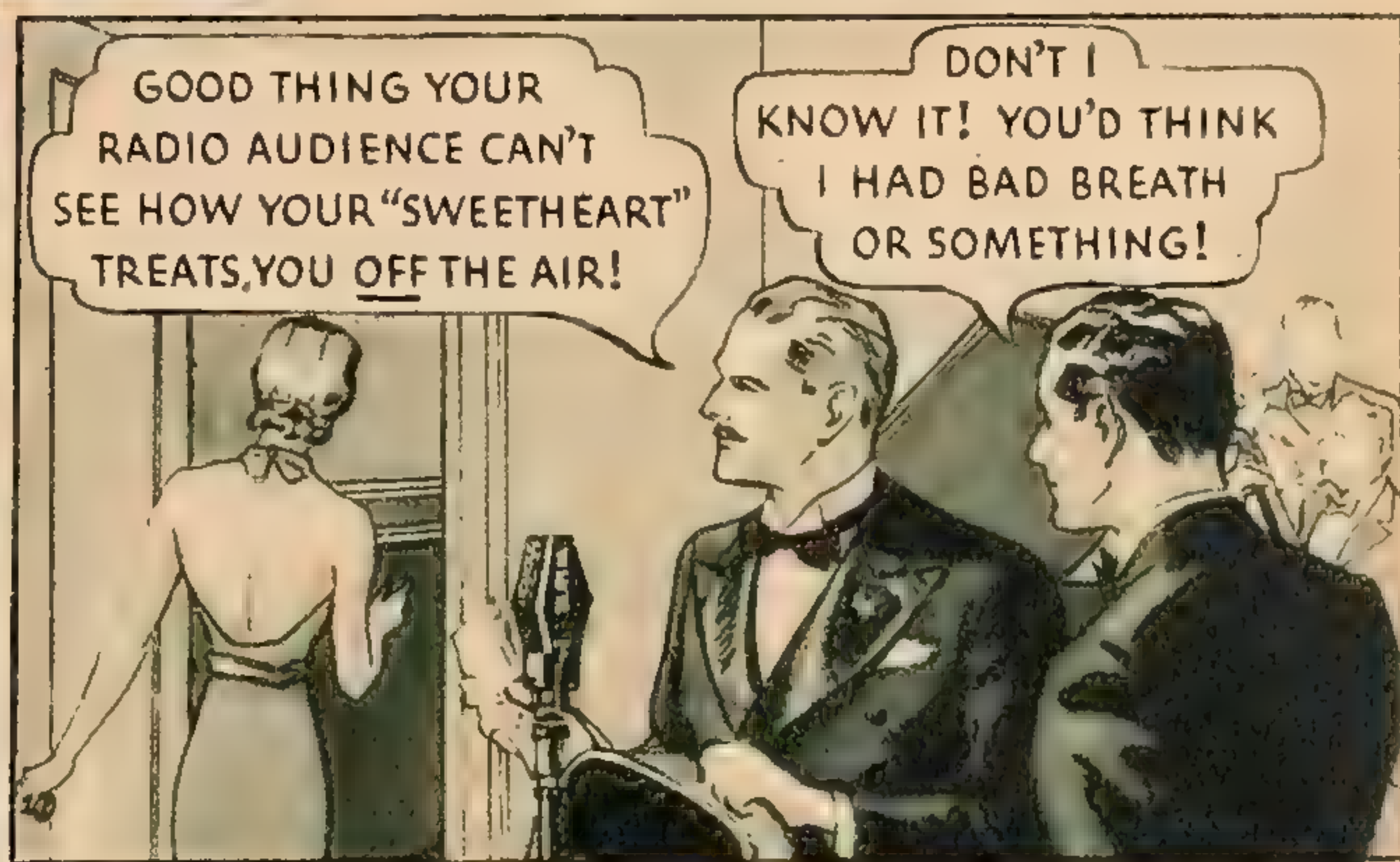
A blouse for the more dressy occasion is important to the girl who seeks to be well dressed on a budget. Marsha solves this problem in the fourth picture by selecting one of white crêpe with a pin-tucked front, Chinese neckline and short sleeves.

If you wish for special information or advice on fashions, just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: Sally Martin, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California, in care of this magazine.

AUGUST, 1936



IT WAS JUST A  
*Radio Romance*  
UNTIL...



### Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!

NO OTHER  
TOOTHPASTE  
EVER MADE MY  
TEETH SO BRIGHT  
AND CLEAN!



20¢  
LARGE SIZE  
Giant Size, over  
twice as much,  
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## CLEAR YOUR SKIN WITH **MILK**



ANN RUTHERFORD WHO PLAYS THE FEMININE LEADING ROLE IN REPUBLIC'S "THE HARVESTER"

### Amazing results from new type beauty creme made from fresh dairy MILK

Gone are your worries about coarse pores, blackheads, lines and blemishes, once you start using Creme of Milk. In less than 90 days more than 100,000 women have changed from ordinary creams... started using Creme of Milk and are amazed at the speed with which this entirely new-type creme clears the skin and brings back that soft delicate flush of child-like freshness.

Forget all you know about ordinary creams, for Creme of Milk is the first and only beauty creme in the world made from fresh dairy milk. Milk contains a certain fine, penetrating and nourishing oil that does things for your skin no other cream can possibly do. A trial will convince you. You'll see improvement in your skin the very first day. Send now for your trial jar... enough to last a whole week for only 10 cents. Use the coupon.



SEND 10c FOR FULL 20c SIZE JAR  
SEND 50c OR \$1 FOR LARGER RETAIL SIZES

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.  
I enclose (10c) (50c) (\$1.00) for which please  
send me one jar of Creme of Milk at once.

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## Hollywood Charm School

### Party Beauty

by Ann Vernon

**I** DON'T KNOW How you feel about it, but I know what makes a party a success for me. It's not the refreshments, it's not the entertainment, it's not even the man I'm with...

Candidly, it's how I look! Caviar and wit fail to touch me unless my hair looks well and my lipstick holds up. And even the dullest gathering acquires a satisfying brilliance when I know that I am looking my best.

Probably most men would be shocked at that viewpoint. But have you ever noticed how carefully men avoid wall-flowers? Therein lies the moral...

To give your skin a transparency and glow that will dazzle the stag line, use a good stimulating mask. Last night, after an especially hard day, fraught with worries and work, I went to a party—and had a lovely time. And I am only too glad to give most of the credit to an intriguing new facial mask that I applied beforehand. Like magic it erased tiny fatigue lines, substituted a becoming pink and whiteness for what had been an uninteresting pallor and tightened and refined relaxed pores. It was so pleasant to use, too, and so different from any mask I had ever puttered with.

#### Relaxing Aids Beauty

● **INSTEAD OF BEING** in paste or cream form, it is a thin, transparent semi-liquid. You spread a paper-thin layer of it all over your face and throat—almost like a layer of liquid cellophane! Immediately after applying the mask, lie down and doze for fifteen minutes, or at least shut your eyes and think pleasant, aimless thoughts. While you are in this relaxed state, the mask is coaxing fresh blood into the capillaries near the skin surface, removing embedded grime, and tightening up your pores. When your fifteen minutes is up, you can remove the mask with one or two motions of a damp cloth, and there's your skin, all ready for the party! If you wish, I can send you the name of this new type mask, which,

Write Ann Vernon regarding your beauty problems. She will be glad to serve you personally concerning the skin, hair and figure. Don't hesitate to ask for the trade names of the interesting products mentioned in this article. Address Miss Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York. Be sure and enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for her reply. There's no other charge!



Here's Joan Blondell with her constant boyfriend, Dick Powell, at a recent Hollywood party. Note the unusual hair dress

in spite of its smooth performance, costs only \$1 a tube.

What is the first thing the average girl thinks of when she's asked to a party? Fashion editors might say "The dress she's going to wear." But I claim that a girl's first thought is, "I must get a shampoo and fingerwave!"... and if your hair is gleamingly clean and fresh, neatly and becomingly waved, last year's dress will pass unnoticed. But not vice versa!

Attending a party with hair that is unwaved and unshampooed, is extremely ill-advised, of course, but appearing with an *uncombed fingerwave* is just as bad, I think! It shocks and mystifies me to see a girl, dressed nicely and made up well, with her hair flattened to her head in that grotesque fashion which should never be seen outside a beauty shop or a bedroom. If you have ever done this, in order to "save" your fingerwave, you've been practicing false economy! Provided it has the foundation of a sturdy permanent wave, any good fingerwave is beautified and deepened by a thorough brushing and combing. The finest Hollywood and Fifth Avenue hairdressers never permit patrons to leave their booths, without first combing and brushing their fresh waves with a vigor that is a little terrifying, to the novice. The same is true of any really competent hairdresser.

#### Perfume For Romance

● **OF COURSE**, your hair should *always* have a look of shimmering cleanliness about it, but for parties, it should have an added glamour—an aura of perfume. A haunting, romantic fragrance floating up to your dancing partner's handsome nose, will mean more cut-ins than you can cope with! I can advise a perfume that is def-



initely haunting and romantic, with an overtone of mystery—and a low price that is as pleasant to your pocketbook as the perfume is to your senses. Ten cents buys an attractive flat flacon with a blue and gold decoration. It's small enough to carry in your evening purse, yet large enough to satisfy any bargain hunter.

While I am on the subject of beauty bargains, I must tell you about the new ten cent lipstick that you have to see (and use) to believe. It has a convenient and sturdy swivel case, in pale green and yellow enamel, with silver bands. Creamy and even in texture, the lipstick is also indelible and it comes in four shades—vivid, raspberry, medium and orange . . . keeps your lips soft as well as colorful.

Perhaps you are the type of girl who looks impeccably made-up when she arrives at a party, only to become shining of countenance before the party is well under way . . . If so, you aren't using the right powder base. I can give you the name of one that keeps your face powder intact in the hottest weather. One of the most miserable week-end visits I ever spent began when I discovered that I had forgot to pack this favorite foundation! It is made with almond meal, almond oil, honey and lemon, and has the general consistency of a damp cake powder. You moisten a small sponge with cold water, rub the sponge over the surface of the foundation, then smooth it evenly on the face. Use a piece of tissue to blot and blend the foundation before it dries. Apply your face powder lightly over this perfect, greaseless base, and you needn't worry about your face for hours! The price of this preparation, which is made in Hollywood, is \$1. Want the trade name?

#### Autographed By The Stars

● WHEN YOU Do get ready to pat on a bit more face powder, be sure that your puff is *clean*. You can do a much more professional job of powdering and your reputation as a lady will remain intact. . . . Soiled powder puffs have caused more than one promising romance to cool! Since you are reading this article, I presume you are a movie fan, and so you will probably be interested in hearing about the new powder puffs that are autographed by Hollywood stars, Joan Bennett, Ida Lupino, Fay Wray, Ann Sothern, Frances Dee, Gail Patrick, Helen Mack and Gertrude Michael among them. Besides this clever feature, the puffs are made of velvety soft velours, in pastel shades and cost only a nickel apiece. They come wrapped in cellophane envelopes.

Soulful glances at the party's Adonis will be null and void, if your mascara has begun to smudge or run. . . . So be sure to apply a reputable brand that is truly waterproof, to avert such evils. A cream mascara that has been gaining in popularity ever since its appearance a few months ago, answers the waterproof requirements and, besides, is so easy to apply that you can do it skillfully even while you hear your escort pacing savagely back and forth in the living room, as he waits for you. . . . It gives the lashes a sweet, natural beauty that never fails to impress your audience. A black satin bag, with waterproof lining, holds the silvery tube of lash allurements and you can take your choice of black, brown or blue lashes, of course. The tube is generously proportioned for only 50 cents.

AUGUST, 1936

## LET'S TALK SENSE

### about Permanent Waves . . . . .



**R**IGHT down to facts, a successful permanent wave requires three things: the expert hairdresser, the waving solution that gently softens the hair, and *heat properly controlled and applied*. Too much heat makes frizzy ends, dried out hair and a kinky wave.

Because the Duart method provides a thermostat in *each heater*—each curl receives *exactly* the amount of heat required to form a perfect wave. Small curls along the sides and back of the head receive the least heating while the larger curls along the top of the head receive more. Nothing is left to guesswork or judgment. Each heater *automatically* shuts itself off when its curl is perfectly waved.

Because of its exact heat control—Duart is the only wave that is endorsed by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild—the organization responsible for the beautiful hair of *every* lovely star you see on the screen.

Choose your next permanent just as though you were a Hollywood Star—ask for a genuine Duart wave . . . look for your individual *sealed package* of waving pads.

Copy a screen star's hairstyle too! **FREE** book of new Hollywood Stars' coiffures that you can copy. Sent **FREE** with a package of Hollywood Hair Rinse—no dye—no bleach—just a lovely tint. Select your shade.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND STARRING IN THE WARNER PRODUCTION, "ANTHONY ADVERSE"



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**DUART**  
PERMANENT WAVE

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

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|---|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown           | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Black                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown       | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown          | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray Platinum | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde             | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |

Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . . 8

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS



## CLEAN YOUR SKIN AS DOCTORS DO



● Take a tip from your physician. Did you ever see a doctor use anything *except* a liquid, to clean the skin? Then why not follow his lead! Use a liquid yourself—use DRESKIN, Campana's anti-alkali cleanser and freshener. Dreskin is your protection against blackheads and dry, "faded" skin—because this new-type cleanser **NEUTRALIZES ALKALI**, the skin-drying element that is present in practically all water and in solutions of soap and water. Dreskin does the kind of pore-deep cleansing that removes all trace of stale make-up and dried gland secretions—letting your skin *breathe naturally*, as it must do, to be healthy. Send today for **FREE TRAVEL SIZE BOTTLE**. Use the coupon.



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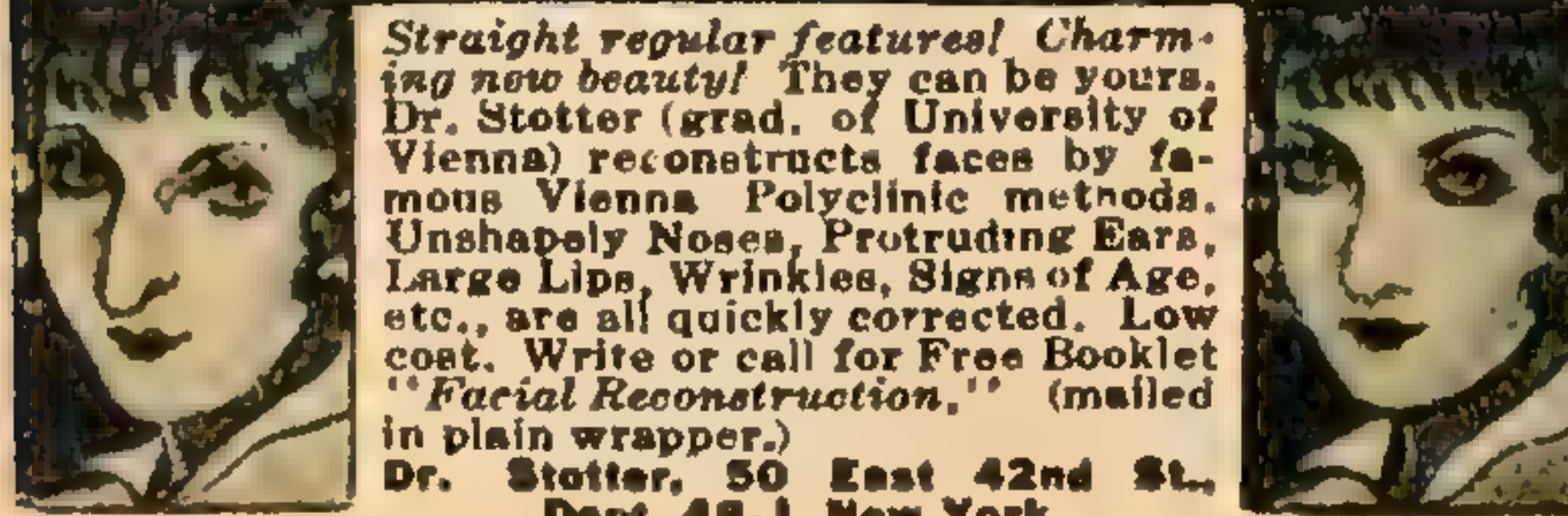
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## BROWN BLONDES

WANT  
**GOLDEN**  
HAIR?

**Shampoo-Rinse**  
**Washes Hair**  
**2 to 4**  
**Shades Lighter**

**WHAT** girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabdest, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If you want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And *safely*, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring *golden* blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

**BLONDEX** THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

## When Ginger Rogers Learns



This is hard work, and you can take Ginger Rogers' word for it. It's the start of a new dance step she's working out with Hermes Pan, dance director at RKO, and when you see it in *Never Gonna Dance*, with Fred Astaire, you'll never suspect the practice that went into the routine

## Myth Dorothy Parker

(Continued from page twenty-four)

yarn is by way of being a Hollywood classic, and in case you missed it, here it is.

### One Frank Confession

● "SOUND WAS JUST coming into pictures," she recalls, "when I went to work at M-G-M. Everything was in an uproar, all was confusion. Though I was getting \$300 a week to write, they couldn't think of anything for me to write about. I nearly went crazy, just sitting. So I had the painter put that sign on my office door—GENTS. Then I had a lot of callers."

Also she confesses to originating another famous wisecrack. It was her method of getting revenge on Bob Benchley for some of his stunts. A certain lady, the story goes, was blessed-eventing. She broadcast the fact.

The expectant lady, in sooth, made such a continual fuss about it wherever she went, that when the event finally arrived, Dorothy wired her:

"Congratulations. We all knew you had it in you."

And that wire, dear readers, went to Bob Benchley's wife. Sweet vengeance! We'll wager that Bob thought twice before he tagged any more wisecracks onto Dorothy Parker.

She lives with her collaborator, who is also her husband, in a roomy house which she says would cost her a fortune in New York to duplicate.

She has two dogs, nice, woolly little Bedlingtons. (The dog that looks like a lost sheep, in case you forget that breed.)

"One is called Cora," said Dorothy. "I couldn't help that. The other is called Wolf—she's in sheep's clothing," she added faintly.

All her notions of Hollywood are complimentary, by the way. She loves the

climate, the people, the movies . . . and the money.

"My friends sometimes say: 'Give me a crisp winter day in New York,'" mused Dorothy. "Well, not for me, thank you."

"And then this idea that Hollywood is just a hick town. It's as cosmopolitan as Paris. Stand at Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, and all the people you never wanted to see again go by. But there, I'm not going to kid about it. Of course, this is a very moral town. Seriously moral.

"The studio spent oodles of money to buy a hit stage play, *Sailor Beware*. Along with a lot of other writers, I worked on a screen version with my husband. We were well aware that *Sailor Beware* was a racy bit of drama, but imagine when we were told to amputate every single sly whisper of sex from it!

### Thousands For Morals

● "FINALLY A DE-SEXED PLAY was arrived at, and yet the faint aura of bad repute still clung to it because of the title. So the title was thrown out. Eventually there was neither the play nor the title left. It's amazing!"

After spending \$72,000 for the play, about \$85,000 was spent to rewrite it. Bing Crosby refused to play in it. It is now being filmed with Lew Ayres in the lead, under the title of *Lady, Be Careful*, and the plot no longer centers on sex and seduction.

Since we were going great on Topic A, we asked if she thought her handsome husband was safe in Hollywood.

"People still cling to the idea that husbands go astray here," she answered. "That's just another myth. Hollywood has only pictures on its collective mind. There's little time for high jinks. As for all the pretty girls, you grow satiated with

HOLLYWOOD



## a New Step



After a day of this, however, Ginger thinks nothing of dancing a few more hours, at a nightspot with Jimmy Stewart or some other young escort. Mr. Pan (it's his real name) is a self-taught hooper who showed Fred Astaire a new step one day, and now works with them on all Astaire-Rogers dance evolutions

their prettiness. Oh, a husband is safe enough in Hollywood."

We had one last question. It's the one you ask all important women who are married and hold jobs.

"Do you think it's all right for women to have careers in addition to marriage?"

Dorothy Parker Campbell opened those innocent black eyes wide.

"Why, of course! Otherwise, whatever would they do in the daytime?" she murmured.

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**WORTH BUYING!**



• "Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."

• "Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"



• "Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... We'd better ask Mother to give us a sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...your baby's friend every day, but most of all when the weather's hot and sticky! Prickly heat and chafes and rashes stay away when I'm on guard. I'm soft as satin, for I'm made of the very finest Italian talc. And no orris-root. I hope you use Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, too—and Johnson's Oil for tiny babies!"

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NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



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**HAPPY RELIEF  
FROM PAINFUL  
BACKACHE**

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

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**CLEARS EYES  
in Seconds!**



**WHITE SPARKLING**

At all drug and department stores

**EYE-GENE**

**Hollywood Youngstars**

By Phyllis Fraser

SCREAMS—YELLS—and whistles from the roller-skating drome in Hollywood marked the "Assistance League Benefit." The younger set of the screen was there in full force, screaming and yelling with delight as they skated around the great rink, playing "Chinese Tag," a game which is difficult when you are on sound feet. Its complications grow when a pair of skates are between you and the floor, and the skates seem to want to head in different directions, and you are trying to escape from the tagger!

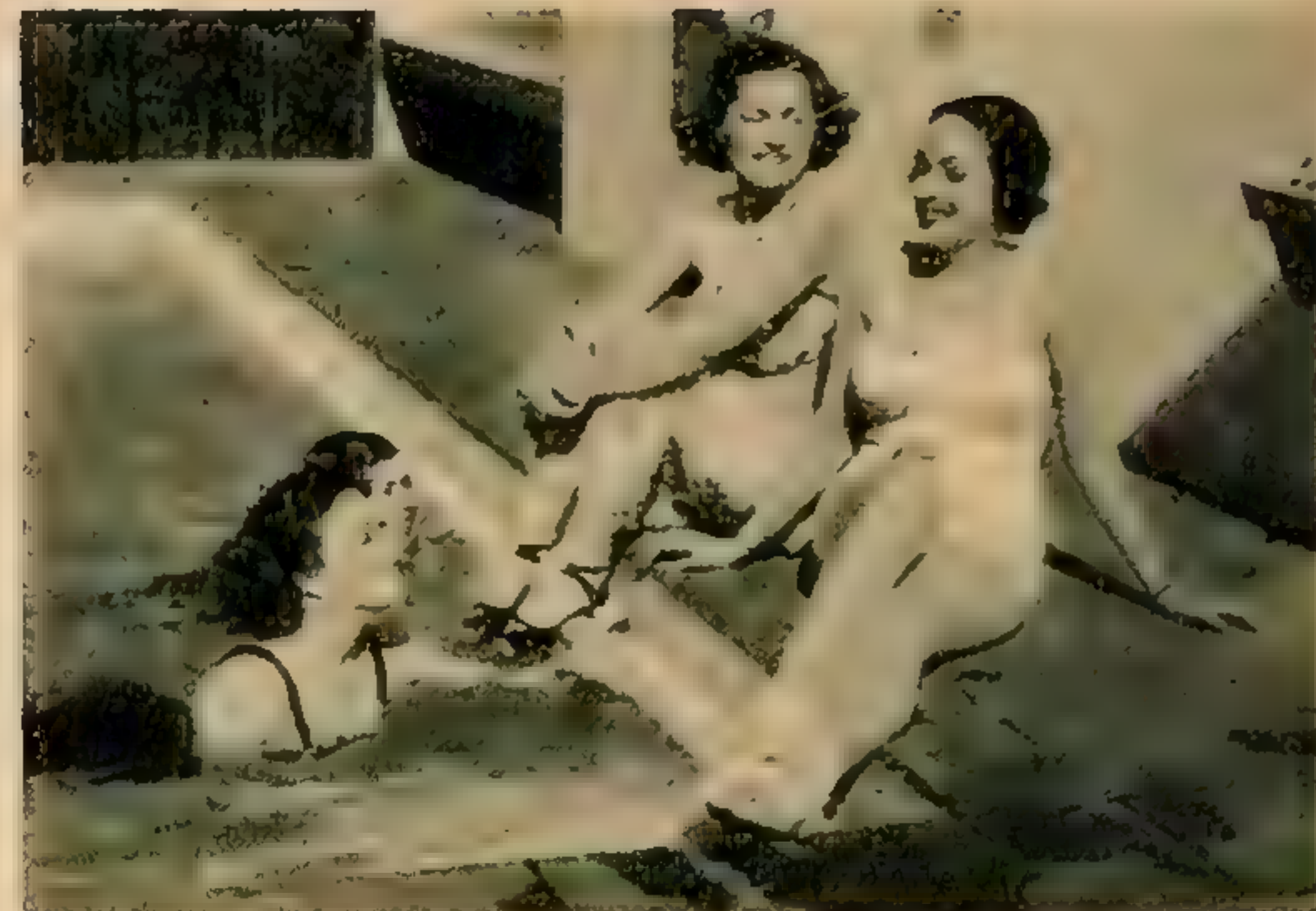
It was Patricia Ellis' idea. She started it off by giving Bill Henry a resounding whack on the calf of his leg with a cry of "You're it!"—and the game was on . . . Bill skating about holding onto his leg with one hand and trying to catch someone with the other (which is, of course, the rule . . . you must place your hand wherever you are tagged whether it be your arm, leg, or neck and hold it there until you have tagged some one else . . . the more ridiculous the spot . . . the better).

Finally, after almost breaking up the rest of the skating parties with their antics, they sank down into chairs declaring that they couldn't possibly go another inch. However, when the waltz music began, they were up—always ready to try their luck at something new. The party ended when Grace Durkin landed in the middle of the floor, with her sister, Gertrude, on top of her and James Bush, tripped by their fall, right along beside them!

Barbara Pepper, who is just twenty-one years old, will soon be seen at your theatre playing a thirteen year old girl in *M'Liss* . . . when she was thirteen she played a twenty-one year old rôle in a



Maurice Murphy escorted Anne Shirley when she appeared before an NBC microphone recently. It was an international broadcast



Swimming pools are the meccas of younger screen stars these fine summer days. Splashing about here are Kay Linaker and Mary Treen, with Louise Henry and Priscilla Lawson on the sides

production on Broadway. . . . Frank Melton received a contract from Fox by leaping over the fence at that studio . . . maybe they've now decided that he isn't the type, because they failed to renew his contract when option time came 'round.

Robert Taylor has just had his first visit to New York City, and although his weekly pay envelope contains a great deal of money, he had to save his pennies to make the journey. You see, it's like this: Bob's check is delivered each week to his agent and Bob in turn is given an allowance, which he can't go over. The balance is invested in post office bonds, and annuities.

When Bob wanted to buy a new car he had to borrow the money from a friend (whose saving program is not quite so strict) and now pays him back so much each week out of his allowance. He never complains, however, at his lack of money—for after all it was his own idea!!

Even as you and I—screen favorites have idiosyncrasies . . . for instance . . . Anne Shirley wouldn't think of going to bed without first donning a special sleeping jacket . . . Ben Alexander always smiles into the microphone when broadcasting his weekly "Hollywood Talent Parade" . . . Dick Cromwell likes to be alone and has his telephone changed so often he can hardly remember the number himself . . . Ginger Rogers always takes heaping helpings of food on her plate—and barely eats any of it . . . it may be a case of the eyes being larger than the stomach . . . !

Pick Ups—Mary Carlisle lunching at three different studios in three consecutive days with three different men . . . she must have heard that old one about "variety being the spice of life" . . . Johnny Downs has just sold the first song he ever wrote, to Paramount . . . he'll probably sing it in his next picture . . . it's a good way to keep him from complaining about the songs he has to sing . . . Alice

HOLLYWOOD





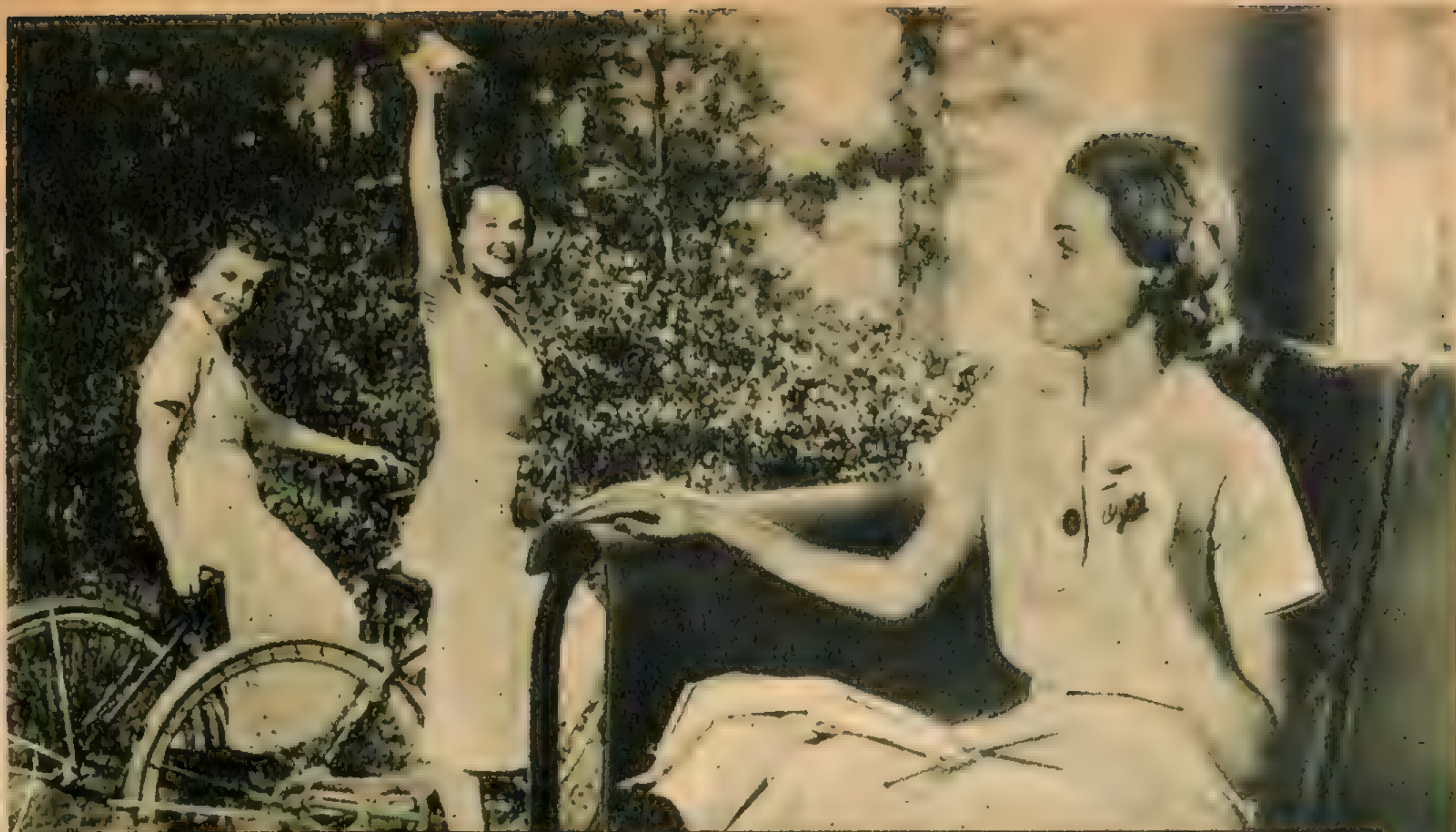
Carol Tevis, one of the favored youngstars of the town, as she appears in *Sing, Baby, Sing*, now in production at 20th Century-Fox. Carol has a cute baby voice which got her into pictures—by doubling for Minnie Mouse!

Faye and Maxine Doyle can be found bowling most any day they are not working . . . Carl Laemmle, Jr., is always at the bowling alley too, purely as an on-looker . . . Eleanore Whitney is collecting charms for her new bracelet . . . Dixie Dunbar with her southern accent is probably beamed by more different men than any other girl in the movie town . . .

What young blonde actress's hair is falling out so badly that she's had to cut it very short and will wear a wig in all of her pictures until her hair comes in again? . . . What young actress, recently wed, is already sorry she did it, and would tell it to a judge—if she weren't afraid of the newspaper publicity?

*Cupid Darts*—Ida Lupino and Louis Heyward are still cooing . . . they say it will be wedding bells for Jean Rogers and James Wallington—the radio announcer . . . a romance that seems impossible—but isn't—is that of the sophisticated (?) Toby Wing and "Oklahoma" Pinky Tomlin . . . and there are those who say that the reuniting on the screen of Cecelia Parker and Eric Linden (who scored such a tremendous hit in *Ah Wilderness*) as a team—and whose romantic caperings in private life closed with that picture, is causing a great palpitation of the heart for at least one member of that duo . . . Johnny Arledge is studying up on his swing music since he met Martha Raye, Paramount's latest singing discovery . . . and a most interesting triangle is the one that concerns Lucille Ball, Louise Latimer and Broderick Crawford, Helen Broderick's son . . . it seems that while both young ladies are rumored engaged to Brod', none of the trio will give a statement . . . The reported engagement of Earl Blackwell and Lillian Emerson—the society lass—is just a report . . . actually, Lillian's heart is in William Frawling's hands.

AUGUST, 1936



**WHY DOES SHE HESITATE?** That fear of embarrassment that makes a woman worry . . . offer excuses . . . refuse invitations . . . is so unnecessary! Now—a new kind of sanitary protection, the Certain-Safe Modess, gives absolute safety!



**PEACE OF MIND AT LAST!** Experience the wonderful relief of knowing you're safe! You can—with Modess! Different from ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through*. Wear *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection and comfort are yours! Modess stays soft . . . stays safe.



End "accident panic"  
ask for *Certain-Safe*  
**Modess!**

*The Improved Sanitary Pad*

● Try *N-O-V-O*—the safe, easy-to-use, douche tablet. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store





Relieves  
summer teething  
in 1 minute

**EXPERIENCED** Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".

—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

**DR. HAND'S**  
Teething Lotion

RELIEF FROM  
**PSORIASIS**

with  
**DERMOIL**  
Make  
THE ONE  
SPOT  
TEST

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease which often causes humiliation and mental agony.

Apply Dermoil externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

J. F. "Suffered for nine years. Had spots on my scalp, forehead, arms, legs and fingernails. Nothing I ever used before has worked like Dermoil. You could not see the places where the scales were".—H. S. "I have suffered from psoriasis for eleven years. My condition now since using Dermoil seems almost impossible to believe. Prior to that time a cup to a cup and a half full of scales formed every day".—M. N. K. "I am rolling up my sleeves for the first time in fifteen years as my arms are entirely cleared up".

Dermoil is backed with a positive guarantee to give chronic psoriasis sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. Your word is final. Prove it yourself. Send 25c for generous trial bottle to make our convincing "One Spot Test". Booklet and proof of results FREE. Don't Delay. Write today. No obligation.

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**HAIR**  
and Look 10  
Years Younger



Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNTONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNTONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

## Hollywood Death Defier

(Continued from page thirty-one)



Filming *Come and Get It* far out in the wilds of Idaho, Richard Rosson flirted with death, risked his own and other lives as necessary. Here he is shown beyond the camera filming a log jam

pitched into the sea with the fins of vicious killers darting everywhere about the struggling group.

Nor did you know that it was Rosson and another hardy crew who got those breath-taking shots in the Arctic for *Esquimo*, and that the little thrill director and one of his camera crews were only saved on one occasion from capture and sentencing to the salt mines of Siberia on another, for poaching in Russian waters.

And did you know, when all those airplanes roared into the air in *West Point of the Air* that Dick Rosson and some army officers at Randolph Field got 300 fighting ships off the runways within the space of forty-five seconds?

### Storms—Bastile And Bounty

OR THAT IT WAS Rosson who did the storming of the Bastile in *Tale of Two Cities*, handling 4,000 people? They gave him twenty assistants for that one. Or that the big Indianapolis race in *Roar of the Crowd* was a private automobile race staged by Rosson at the famous speedway? That one cost a couple of lives too.

And those storm sequences for *Mutiny on the Bounty* were made possible by this same "ghost" director whose name you never see on the screen or in print because he has the audacity to believe and assert that he doesn't need publicity—and in this publicity-mad day, at that.

Rosson's latest—and toughest assignment was for the Samuel Goldwyn production of Edna Ferber's story of the logging camps and lumber barons, *Come and Get It*. He spent two months in the woods of northern Idaho for the thrill sequences for that one, which is in production now. One grave, a full hospital ward and a tripled original budget produced 1,000 feet of good film, the rushes showed.

Rosson is not satisfied with the results. The lumberjacks failed to live up to promises of riding logs down flumes and falling with topped trees, so Rosson is collecting a dozen Hollywood stunt men for another expedition into the woods.

"I've got boys in Hollywood who aren't

afraid to do things," says the thrill director.

Rosson and his hardy crew in the Samuel Goldwyn location unit had at least five actual escapes from imminent death during the shooting of the *Come and Get It* logging scenes, but no one would have known anything about it were it not for some film seen in the rushes at the studio, film which was really not intended for viewing in the rushes.

### Fall From Tree Filmed

HOWARD HAWKS, director of the picture, for whom Rosson has been doing location work for the past five years, found out about the close shaves his location director had when he saw these rushes.

Hawks, Rosson and some studio executives entered a projection room, the lights were doused and the first scene, a logging camp set surrounded by towering pines and almost buried in twelve feet of snow, was flashed on the screen. It showed a file of lumberjacks rushing to the chuck house at the sound of the flunkey's *Come and Get It*.

Hawks nodded approval of the action, and the scene changed to one of a 120-foot tall pine tree which a lumberjack was climbing. The jack climbed laboriously to a point eighty feet above the ground where he was to wrap sticks of dynamite for a "topping" operation. As the group watched, the lumberjack lost his grip and fell a few feet, his body falling across a limb and lying inert there. Hawks watched the still form in the tree top for a moment and turned to Rosson, asking:

"Is there some significance attached to that shot?"

"That man is dead," Rosson answered. "We just haven't cut the film."

The reels spun on, and Hawks commended Rosson on his thoroughness in satisfying the Samuel Goldwyn demand for authenticity, as every phase of logging operations was shown and the great Clearwater finally was reached. Into this

HOLLYWOOD



river flume after flume shot fourteen-foot lengths of pine at a terrific rate of speed, sending them tumbling into the swift current for their 100-mile journey to Lewiston, where the mills awaited them. Then the director received his second shock.

The film showed a log jam stretched across the river at a point where it was 120 yards wide, with a crew of thirty rivermen breaking up the jam with their peavies, the most dangerous operation in logging. The sound apparatus faithfully recorded the cries of the rivermen and their foreman, then another, ominous sound crept in, a sound as of distant cannonading . . . the jam was going out!

Tossing aside their peavies, the river workers struggled wildly to get to the river bank, realizing the fate that awaited them should they be swept downstream with the plunging, bumping logs. Ropes flashed into the picture, their looping ends reaching from shore, and the desperate men on the logs seized them. Lumberjacks not assigned to the sequence appeared within the camera lines as the rescue work went on, and for the moment the picture was forgotten, as the cameraman cut and joined in the emergency work.

"Three went to the hospital with broken legs and arms," Rosson said. "One was carried downstream 100 yards before we got to him. We had one of those jams go out beneath our own crew the next day, but we were closer to the river bank," was the laconic statement from the thrill director.

#### Breakston Has Close Call

● THE REELS SPUN ON, to still another chilling scene which had not been cut and which would never be witnessed by film fans in the finished production.

The next reel showed the 14-year-old actor, George Breakston, standing on a raft with bowed head beside a coffin. In the story the lad is taking his mother's remains down river for burial. Hawks could discern that the shot was being made from the stern end of the raft. But as he watched, a jutting log from a wing jam burst into view, the raft struck it, ripping itself apart, and the boy actor was thrown against the coffin as into view lurched Rosson and his first cameraman, Chet Lyons, who had been standing behind the camera.

Lyons was hurled into the boiling current, and as the camera tilted crazily, Rosson was seen to seize the Breakston boy in one arm and throw his other arm around a log of the disintegrating raft. Then the camera showed green water, and then nothing at all. Hawks looked to Rosson for an explanation.

"No one was hurt. The jacks fished us out with pike poles in time. Our grips yanked the camera out in a couple of seconds. They had been standing on the wing jam for such an emergency." That was all.

Ask Rosson about his passion for taking such escapes as a matter of course and he will tell you with a trifle of scorn:

"Who cares HOW we get these shots? All they want to know at the studio is whether the stuff is good or lousy; they don't ask you how you got them, but DID you get them!"

Hollywood is full of unsung heroes such as Dick Rosson. You'll find them riding camera trucks to film dizzy chases, crashing airplanes, and working with treacherous dynamite. But of them all, Dick wins the daredevil honors.

—JEAN BOSQUET.

**THIS LETTER** from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."



#### FOR FINE LAUNDERING

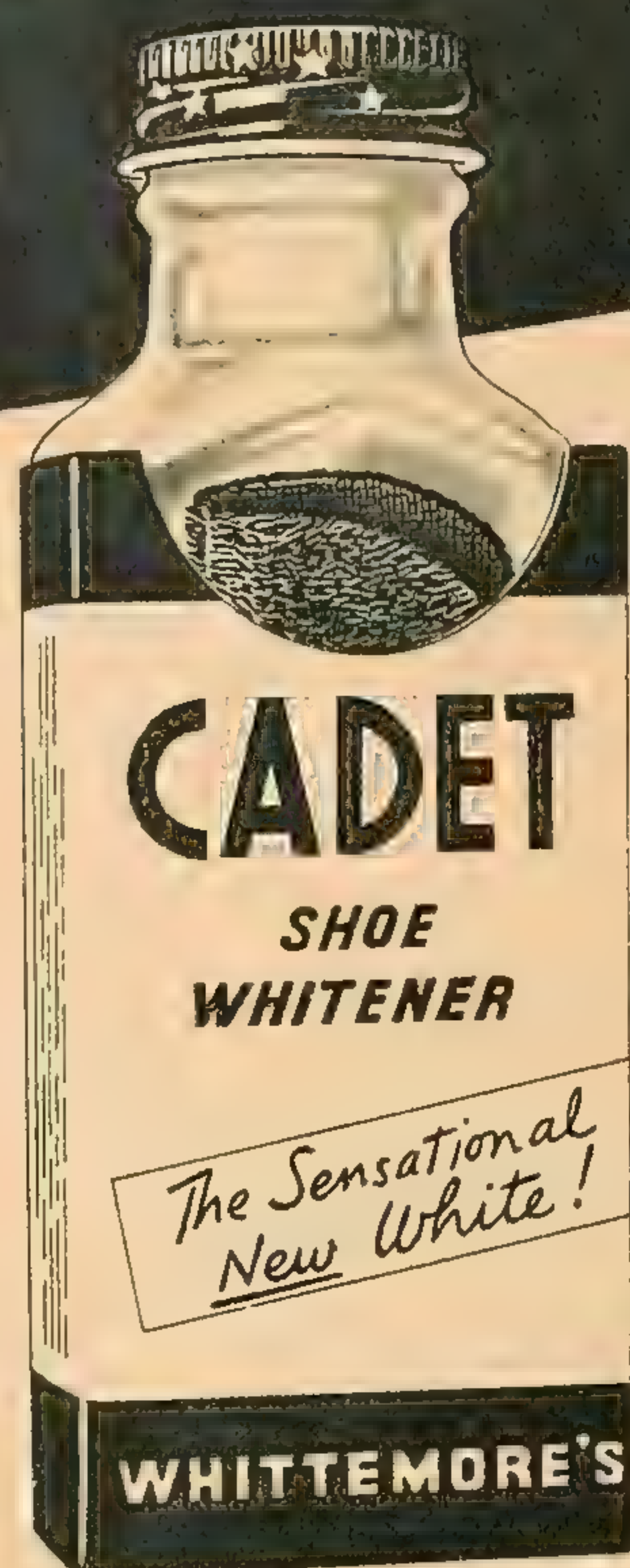
Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.





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WHITE SHOE CLEANER  
WILL NOT  
CHIP OR FLAKE!**

SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED



HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS  
USE WHITTEMORE'S

FOR SALE BY GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

## GRAY Hair

If you are dissatisfied with your hair inquire into unique French method **KNOGRAY**. Colors hair any shade, blonde to black, from the same bottle. Not a restorer, exact match, obtained in few minutes. **KnoGray** colors roots perfectly. Permits Permanent Wave, curl. Cannot fade or rub off. Apply yourself at home, day or night. **ENTIRELY DIFFERENT** from anything you have known. Free Booklet. **MADAME TURMEL**, Dept. 26-E, 256 W. 31 St., New York.

## Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 251-A Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Fanagram Contest

### Win Merle Oberon's Wrist Watch!

**M**ERLE OBERON's favorite wrist watch is this month's prize to the best Fanagrammer! It is a gleaming, beautiful watch of lasting quality, well worth anyone's efforts in this fascinating contest.

A FANAGRAM is an appropriate, interesting or amusing phrase created by rearranging the letters contained in the name of some movie star. You can't drop or add letters. Here's a good example: Take the name of *Maureen O'Sullivan*, rearrange the letters, and you can get the phrase "*on a Universal mule*." That's a FANAGRAM. Simple? Yes, and lots of fun, too!

Here are additional samples of FANAGRAMS: *Maurice Chevalier* rearranges to read "*I have a Miracle Cure*." *Hoot Gibson* becomes "*Big Shot? O no!*" *Marlene Dietrich* rearranges to "*I'm clear in the red*." *George Raft* can be changed into "*great forge*."

You can send in one FANAGRAM or a dozen, but be sure each one has your name and address plainly written on it.

If a girl wins, of course it will be a wristwatch for women; if the winner is a man, be sure that Merle will select one just as nice as she'd give to David Niven, for instance.

Davie is a handsome player who is appearing in Sam Goldwyn pictures, and also has a part in *Charge of the Light Brigade*. Between work they usually go with friends off the coast in the fishing



As this month's prize Merle Oberon offers a wrist watch to the best Fanagram contribution. Try this interesting, amusing game yourself!



Merle Oberon and David Niven snapped aboard the *Betsy Mae*, during a fishing expedition off Santa Monica

boats, angling for yellow-tail and tuna.

The rules of the contest, given below, are simple. You don't have to decorate your entry; just write it out plainly.

Remember, you can't use a letter twice in the star's name, nor can you drop or add any letter not in the name! Read the rules carefully, then join in this pleasant pastime. You may win the prize!

#### FANAGRAMS RULES

1. Read the sample FANAGRAMS carefully before attempting your solution.

2. Note the two separate requirements necessary to make you eligible as a prize winner.

3. Neatness counts, but cleverness and originality will largely determine the winner.

4. The judges shall be selected by the Editor of **HOLLYWOOD Magazine**, and their decision will be final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry, nor will entries be returned.

5. Contest closes July 15. The winner will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.

6. No employee or relative of an employee of this magazine is eligible.

7. Any number of solutions may be offered by one person.

8. Address all entries to Merle Oberon, Contest Editor, **HOLLYWOOD Magazine**, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Be sure your address is correct!

For Winning Fanagrams  
See Page 10



## Brief Film Guide



Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich, Basil Rathbone in *Garden of Allah*—forthcoming film

### "MUST" LIST

**Anthony Adverse**—Fredric March, Olivia de Havilland, Claude Rains, Donald Woods dramatize this marathon novel.

**The Green Pastures**—All-colored actors, singers, in Bible folklore beautifully filmed.

**Showboat**—Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Paul Robeson—singing that's never been equalled; finest musicale of the year.

**Mr. Deeds Goes to Town**—Gary Cooper turned comedian with Jean Arthur, in a superlative Frank Capra film.

**The Country Doctor**—Reminder; go again to see Jean Hersholt and the quins.

**Trail of the Lonesome Pine**—still setting standard for color work, combined with powerful drama. Stolen by Fred Stone.

**Magnificent Obsession**—Look it up for the solution to Bob Taylor's sudden rise to fame. Irene Dunne magnificent.

**Mutiny on the Bounty**—Your first view won't be enough—see it twice.

**The Great Ziegfeld**—The spectacle of the year. Stolen by Luise Rainer.

### WATCH FOR:

**Trouble for Two**—Bob Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, mystery and fast action.

**Under Two Flags**—famous old love-adventure yarn, million-dollar cast.

**Sins of Man**—Why Denmark wants to pin a medal on Jean Hersholt.

**The Last Outlaw**—Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, in a Western written by the director of *The Informer*—worth looking up.

**Bullets or Ballots**—The rip-snorting exposé that brings Edward G. Robinson back into smashing prominence—with Humphrey Bogart.

**One Rainy Afternoon**—Francis Lederer, Ida Lupino, Hugh Herbert, Roland Young. What more could one ask?

**Princess Comes Across**—Carole Lombard and Fred McMurray; nice couple.

**Dancing Pirate**—Proving that old California was a colorful country, with swell dancing by Charles Collins, Steffi Duna.

**Sons O' Guns**—Joe E. Brown in the famous Broadway hit of some years ago; high ranking wartime laughter.

**Small Town Girl**—Janet Gaynor and Bob Taylor, otherwise only fair.

**Private Number**—They won't give Bob Taylor a rest. This time with Loretta Young.

### COMING PRODUCTIONS

**Romeo and Juliet**—Metro expects to get back two million on this one; John Barrymore reported as stealing the honors.

**Charge of Light Brigade**—Ready soon; another big gun to boom fall business.

**Garden of Allah**—The hot-as-Sahara love drama Merle Oberon wanted to make, but Marlene Dietrich beat her to it.

**Cain and Mable**—Clark Gable gets an armful of Marion Davies.

**China Clipper**—They say Pat O'Brien really goes to town.

**Ramona**—Zanuck wouldn't have anybody but Loretta Young in this; waited a year for her. Worth it.

**Gorgeous Hussy**—Costume drama, Bob Taylor with his hair curled gets that gorgeous Joan Crawford. (See our next month's cover of this couple.)

**The Good Earth**—It's taking years, but so did *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

**The Plainsman**—Our first mention of Cecil B. DeMille's forthcoming opus, but not our last.

AUGUST, 1936

# 9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!



**T**HE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor *if you deodorize only*. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

- If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm *dry*, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though you are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

### Protect yourself this SURE way

Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments re-

quired to use Liquid Odorono, because it is *sure*. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

### Saves your expensive gowns

Odorono ends forever those shocking perspiration stains which can fade and ruin a lovely frock or coat lining, in just one wearing. And of course, there is no grease to make your clothes messy.

You can get Odorono in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

Let Odorono keep your underarm dry, your clothes as sweet and fresh as you are—and you will be truly exquisite. Send today for samples of two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



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Dept. 8 F 6, 191 Hudson St., New York City  
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)  
I enclose 8¢ for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

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## HAVE SOFT, WHITE KISSABLE HANDS

*Magical, New  
Sofskin Creme  
Imparts True  
Loveliness*

Do you look wistfully at some other girl, and think: "Oh, if I only had hands as lovely?" Your hands, too, can be "like white flower-petals!" Until you've tried SOFSKIN, the amazing new Creme, you simply can't realize its swift whitening, softening action on your skin.

"It's miraculous," say Beauticians; "one application smooths out lines and roughness and leaves the skin soft and white."



Sofskin Creme is delicately fragrant; a delight to use. It vanishes instantly; you can wear gloves at once. No stickiness! Sofskin also gives throat and neck alluring whiteness without powder—yet it is a perfect powder base! Splendid for chapped or sunburned skin, reddened arms, legs, elbows.

Economical, too! Ask for generous 35c or 60c jar at your own Beauty Shop or cosmetic counter; or send coupon now with 3c for liberal trial jar.

GLESSNER CO., Dept. 223, Findlay, O. Please send me trial jar Sofskin Creme. (3c enclosed to cover handling.)

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Star of "Forbidden Heaven"

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### FEMININE HYGIENE

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CREAM DEODORANT

*for overcoming*  
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**MORE FOR YOUR MONEY  
THE BEST TO BE HAD**

Gives complete insurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. Ideal on sanitary napkins. A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write  
Madame Berthe, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

# Prosperity Returns To Buck Jones

THEY CALL HIM a "hard man to get talking." He answers the questions of an interviewer with a brief, drawled "Yes," or "No." And for this reason Hollywood has overlooked an amazing story, the truth behind the present astonishing success of Buck Jones, twenty-fourth on the list of box-office champions.

Just a few years ago he was flat broke. Not glamorously broke, with assets of Youth, ambitions, and unfulfilled dreams to buoy him up. Just plain busted, saddled with debts—in the same Hollywood where he had been a top-notch, money-making star.

Mrs. Jones told me, "It was pretty hard, for a while. We lost every penny we had saved for years. But Buck—"

Buck went out and got a new job, a contract with Columbia, and gradually, slowly, built himself into one of the biggest names in the motion picture industry. He promised to pay back his creditors if they didn't force him into bankruptcy. He kept his promise to the letter.

"We'd been hard up before, of course," Buck's wife told me. "When we first came to Hollywood we lived in a little house



Through the years Buck Jones continues to be one of the 25 leading stars in the world! Millions of youngsters will worship his new film, *The Phantom Rider*



Here's a Hollywood happy family that couldn't be more normal! Buck Jones, his daughter Maxine, and Mrs. Jones spend much of their time on their ranch at Van Nuys, near Hollywood

with a monthly rent of \$12.50. Buck earned \$3.00 a day in pictures, then, and it seemed a lot. But this last time came after he had been earning salaries of \$2,500 a week, as a Fox star."

### Buck's Circus Goes Broke

● IT CAME ABOUT through the ambition of every Western star in Hollywood—to own and manage his own circus. Most of them, the real old time Western stars, began their careers with circuses as trick riders, champion ropers and shooters. Buck was no exception.

He organized the "Buck Jones Wild West Show" in California and took it on the road. Mrs. Jones accompanied him,

and because the crowds were enthusiastic and the audiences plentiful, they innocently believed the show a success.

They didn't realize that bigger circuses were jealous of their earnings. That the billboard advertising they sent ahead was more often thrown into the gutters than pasted in shop windows and at street corners.

At Danville, Illinois, an attachment was put on the show, and they had to close. Buck realized suddenly, with genuine amazement, that \$300,000, his life savings, had vanished.

He returned to Hollywood without a contract or a dollar.

This was in 1929, the worst year of the depression.

"I was frightened, but of course I didn't let Buck see that," Mrs. Jones said. Buck was scared too—but he tried not to show it!

Columbia gave him a "chance, and he leaped to take advantage of it. For the first time he began to write his own stories for the screen. Even the ones he buys elsewhere are extensively re-written before he will pronounce them suitable.

"Western fans want action—action—action," he told me. "Scenic wonders, talk, music—this doesn't count for anything with the western fan. He wants gun-fights, hard riding, and a meaty plot—and it's surprisingly hard to find stories of this nature."

Working desperately hard to make his pictures a success, he studied camera angles—until he knew as much about

HOLLYWOOD



them as many an expert cameraman. He studied direction—and once finished the direction of one of his own pictures when the regular megaphone artist was called to another assignment!

He wasn't handicapped with the grudge many western stars bear against the actors of the more polite drama, who often do not rate nearly so well with the public but who receive much more attention in Hollywood.

He merely says, drily, "It's funny that the actors who began in western pictures sometimes overlook the fact, while the directors who have worked with me—men like Woody Van Dyke, Frank Borsage, and William Wellman—point with pride to their training in westerns."

Maybe you see why he was able to pay back his creditors within a remarkably brief time! But it is only this year that he can really feel secure again, with a comfortable bankroll saved up for security.

Most of his earnings go back into his own company, which releases through Universal. "No more circuses!" he grins wryly.

Recently Jones purchased a handsome yacht, 85 feet long, which is the pride of his heart and on which he spends every minute away from the studios. His three-acre estate outside of Hollywood has elaborate stables for his horses, as well as a swimming pool, rose garden, and kennels for his Great Danes.

#### Once A Disabled Soldier

● IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE that he was once examined by an army surgeon and pronounced "completely disabled!" This is just another part of Buck's almost unbelievable story which we discovered for the first time!

It happened when young Jones, an adventurous boy in his early teens, left his father's ranch to join the army. Sent to the Philippines, he was shot by Moros in the left leg. Infection set in, and even after the wound had apparently healed he was still unable to use it comfortably.

Army surgeons examined him countless times and finally sent him home as a hopeless invalid. With infinite patience and courage, Buck worked out a series of exercises to develop the muscles in his leg all over again. Gradually its strength returned, and he joined the aviation service, flying many "pre-war" crates which were among the first planes ever owned by the government.

The love of horsemanship, which had been fostered by his boyhood days on his father's large ranch, led him to ask for an honorable discharge from the service, and (he was just 20 years old!) he joined the famous "101" Ranch Show as a bronc rider and trick roper.

These two stories—his triumph over financial depression, and his victory over physical handicaps—reveal the qualities in this western star which attract one of the largest fan audiences of any Hollywood celebrity.

His pictures are used as examples of the fact that "clean entertainment" goes over at the box offices, but Buck offers something more exciting than that. In his pictures, as in his own life, there is action—drama—and GUTS!

#### WISE SPENDERS

make their dollars count by sending them after advertised merchandise. Read the ads!

*Especially in Summer*

## COMFORT DEMANDS A NAPKIN THAT CAN'T CHAFE!



### KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



### KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

### KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale wrinkles.

#### 3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.



**WONDERSOFT KOTEX**

**A SANITARY NAPKIN**  
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



## Special Work for Women

# \$23 Weekly

### NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING

If you need money and are ambitious, try this new kind of special work. Just show the latest line of adorable fall dresses to friends, neighbors. Styles are stunning, values are amazing! You can work from home—full or spare time. New plan makes house-to-house canvassing unnecessary.

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You invest no money. Everything you need is supplied Free. You don't need experience. Women love to see and buy new dresses. You show them latest Paris styles at surprising savings because Fashion Frocks are never sold in stores but only direct from the largest dress-making plant in the world. You just take the orders. We ship and collect—all you do is show the styles and mail us the orders.

## Gorgeous New Line Ready!

100 LOVELY FALL  
DRESSES \$2.98  
as low as



Here is a thrilling, dignified way to make up to \$23 weekly. In addition, you can get all your own dresses to wear and show, without a penny of cost.

### RUSH NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THIS MARVELOUS FREE OPPORTUNITY

There is no obligation of any kind to learn all about this amazing, new, dignified way to earn money and get your own dresses free of charge. Write at once for details and give your dress size.

**FASHION FROCKS, Inc.,**  
Dept. JJ-225 Cincinnati, Ohio

## boyer

### MYSTERY CLEANSING CREAM

Thoroughly cleanses the skin of impurities, perspiration and other pore secretions. Don't miss the thrill of this new cream sensation, its delicate, alluring fragrance and soft feel of your skin after using. 50c at dealers or send for test jar. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.  
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Spend just \$1.00 for  
**Summer Comfort**

So many women, and men, suffer from eczema, athlete's foot and painful rashes during Summer months.

Enjoy this Summer by sending \$1.00 for complete Zema-Go "protection" kit (in a bottle) that guarantees complete satisfaction, or your \$1.00 refunded. We accept C. O. D. orders.

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P. O. BOX 3042-WG  
Chattanooga, Tennessee

DRUGGISTS: Send for our special trade discounts and display material.

## Allan Jones, Two-Fisted Singer

(Continued from page thirty-two)

—errand boy, bank messenger, elevator operator. Then came graduation, and a summer at Asbury Park, New Jersey, where he fell briefly in love with a young lady. It was this same summer that he had his famous bakery battle.

Naturally light-hearted, Allan had a peculiar ability to find himself out of a job on the slightest provocation. It was only a short time later that he was driving a delivery truck. He was standing on the rear step unloading a consignment when the brakes weakened. This would have been of no great importance had the truck not been parked on a hill. After the crash was over Allan Jones again was looking for employment.

### Coal Mines And Flying Fists

FORGETTING LOVE and bakeries for the moment, he headed for home in Scranton. He landed a job as a miner.

One day, came welcome relief. The steam shovel operator at the coal pits went on a long drunk. Allan's curiosity over the machine had been brewing for weeks. He talked himself into the job, and proceeded to dig deeper into the coal business.

When the day arrived that Allan Jones had \$1,500 in the bank, he quit working and boarded a train for Syracuse, New York, where he enrolled in the school of music. He had been there only a short time when he learned about scholarships, and landed one at New York University, under the tutelage of Claude Warford.

Came summer, and Warford planned an excursion to Paris. Allan wanted to go along, but found his financial situation desperate. Then he got a big idea.

### A One Man Concert

HE PACKED HIS BAGS and rushed back to Scranton. There he cornered his father, who had a pretty fair job supervising a couple thousand men. With his father's persuasive powers and the help of his old friends, he gave a one-man concert. Everyone rallied around and complimentary tickets were scarcer than dirigibles. After paying off the bills, our singer climbed aboard an ocean liner with \$1,200 in his pockets and renewed courage.

"In the next three years I covered a lot of ground," he said, tracing some of his wanderings on the dining room table cloth. "Coming back to the United States after an engagement as guest tenor with the Deauville Opera Company, I went on the road as a concert singer. Came the crash, and concerts were identified as those things which people did not attend.

"I had been singing every Sunday in churches during this period. A New York church promptly hired me at \$3,000 a year when I needed help. While singing here J. J. Shubert heard me and I signed a contract. I was sent to Kansas City for three summer engagements. During one of these I played the rôle of Gaylord Ravenal in the stage version of *Showboat*." (Shades of coming events!)

To that date his career had been successful enough. But Allan Jones was beginning to see the light. There had been three film offers which he had been unable to accept because of his Shubert contract. He went to Shubert and tried to get a release. He begged, cajoled, even threatened. It was denied. In the end he bought

up his own contract and tore it to pieces.

That left him free to sign with Metro. Posthaste he came to Hollywood, did a part of practically no significance in Jean Harlow's *Reckless*. Then came Picture No. 2, with the Marx brothers in *A Night at the Opera*. He was decidedly good. So Universal hauled him over the Hollywood Hills to the *Showboat* set and gave him a starring rôle opposite Irene Dunne. Having already become acquainted with the rôle of Gaylord Ravenal, he literally knocked it for a loop.

In *Showboat* Ravenal is the happy-go-lucky itinerant who marries Magnolia (Irene Dunne). His biggest moment comes in a moonlight love scene with her, and he sings in a most positively romantic way. If your heart has never fluttered before, it should do all right in this sequence.

Starring rôles in less than a year are strictly unusual for beginners. Metro, realizing what a box office wow it has under contract, is searching carefully for just the right rôle before it casts Jones again. Presently you will be hearing about his next film, but not just yet.

### Jones' Girl Friend

CALIFORNIA LIFE SUITS Jones as it does many another film star. He likes open air and sunshine. He never has cared for city life. At present he pays heavy courtship to Irene Hervey, M-G-M player who once was seen very often with Bob Taylor.

Irene, her mother, and Allan have just arrived back in Hollywood from a trip to Memphis where they presided over the Cotton Carnival. It was essentially a business trip, but of course it was a pleasant one as well. In fact, they had such a good time together that the three of them went on to New York for a short visit before returning.

Jones, like many another Hollywood actor, finds his own screen characterizations cold to him. He saw *Showboat* at the preview and was singularly unimpressed with his own work. When fans began showering their praise on him, he was astonished no little. In New York he almost got up nerve enough to slip into a theater and see the picture again. At the last minute he turned cold on the idea and went home to bed.

His Hollywood home is modest. Success has not loosened his purse strings too freely. To date his one luxury is a 60 foot schooner, and this only because the sea is a great love. He is tickled to death because Irene, who never before had been to sea, is proving a good sailor and enjoying week-end cruises.

We've saved the best for the last—Allan Jones and Irene Hervey told me confidentially that their plans are all set to marry August 1. The joyful couple permitted me to put it in this story, but what a secret it has been to try to keep.

The ceremony will be held on board the *Lurline* before sailing for Honolulu, first trip to the magic isles for them both.

And what a marvelous honeymoon that will be for Hollywood's most popular young couple. Later they will make vacation trips aboard Allan's schooner, and they hope to visit the South Seas in it. So here's to the newlyweds—long may they flourish.

—LARRY PANKHURST.

HOLLYWOOD





JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON is a surprise . . . a complete contradiction to her screen rôles . . . Very, very young . . . vivacious . . . hair of sparkling titian . . . determined . . . a dust of freckles across a pert nose . . .

Few people are aware of the fact that she made her screen début as early as 1923 . . . when she played a child rôle in Mary Pickford's *The Little Princess* . . . Has been an actress all her life . . . following in the natural footsteps of her mother . . . Leona Roberts . . . still well known on the New York stage . . . Josephine's greatest stage hit was the creation of Alice in *Alice in Wonderland* . . . She was disappointed in the screen version . . . Is a great fan of Shirley Temple's . . . and considers her the logical Alice for films . . . If somebody doesn't do something about it pretty soon . . . may get out herself and sell the idea of an all-color production of the famous classic . . . with Shirley the star . . .

She is married to her manager . . . James Townsend . . . It wasn't a case of love at first sight . . . far from it . . . They disliked each other very much . . . so much they thought the less they saw of each other the better . . . but business wouldn't allow it . . . they had to spend so much time discussing jobs and contracts . . . they soon forgot to be personal . . . understanding turned to admiration . . . and so they were married . . . in Las Vegas, January 12, 1935 . . .

Their home in Beverly Hills is as light and gay as their lives together . . . white Monterey . . . with roses 'round the door . . . and a patio . . . filled with Josephine's strangest of all Hollywood collections . . . potted plants which she has collected since a child . . . and packed across country a dozen times . . . Her other prides and joys are her pets . . . A Scotch Terrier named Puck . . . and a Persian cat named Padda . . . both are red heads . . . and like to scrap . . . so does Josephine when anyone mentions sweetbreads or persimmons . . . they're her principal aversions along with gossip people . . .

Is a good cook . . . her husband says so . . . most expert at making soups and that's a real art . . . she says so . . .



# A TRUE *Mystery* STORY

## THE *Case* OF THE Anxious Bride

"Do me this favor" *she besought the best man . . .*  
"but HE mustn't know . . ."

"I LOVE him so," she pleaded. "I don't want *anything* to spoil our happiness. Please, *please* tell him . . ."

"I did as she asked," the best man relates. "Tactfully I pointed out that even a hint of 'B.O.' may spoil the companionship of wedded life. I gave him my cake of Lifebuoy to try and I saw that Lifebuoy went in his suit case for their honeymoon."

"Later they both wrote me. 'Thank you,' said her letter—and under the words she had drawn a tiny cake of Lifebuoy. It spoke volumes. I *knew* then he was taking no chances with 'B.O.'"

### Letters by the thousands

These are real people. This incident actually happened. And it is just one of *thousands* of letters that have come to the makers of Lifebuoy telling True "B.O." Experiences.

How plainly these letters show that "B.O." (*body odor*) spares no one! *No one* can afford to take chances, especially now when the weather is hot and muggy . . . when we're perspiring more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy—you'll be fresh, refreshed and *safe*!

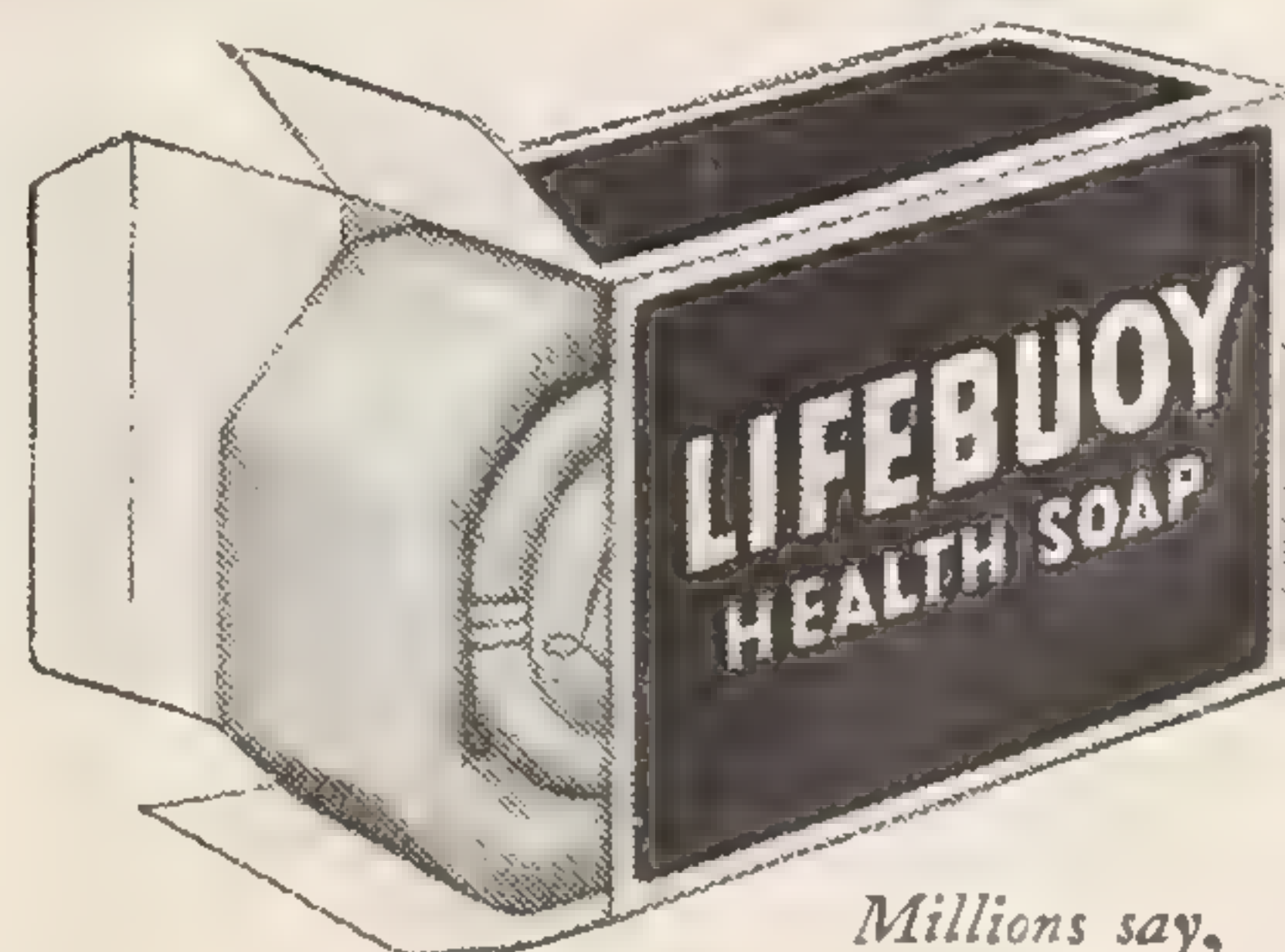
For there's a special purifying ingredient present in Lifebuoy's creamy lather which rids the pores of the cause of "B.O."

This special ingredient—not present in ordinary toilet soap—is also responsible for Lifebuoy's super-mild, extra-gentle action on the skin.

### Beautifies complexions, too!

This smooth, caressing lather does wonders for your complexion . . . gives it that fresh, healthy radiance men adore. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Lifebuoy lathers richly in hardest water—its clean scent rinses away.



Millions say,  
"it agrees with my skin"





**CHARLOTTE HENRY**  
Appearing in Republic Productions

## LOVELY SKIN

HOLLYWOOD Face Powder, created for the personal use of leading stars of the stage and screen, contains an ingredient that imparts soft, lustrous beauty to the complexion. This marvelous face powder covers the skin with a thin, even and flawless film of beauty so unlike old fashioned powder which gives that "made up" look.

HOLLYWOOD MASK, INC.  
105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE!**

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Check your shade: ☐ Brunette ☐ Naturelle ☐ Sun-Tan  
☐ Peach ☐ Creole ☐ Blanche

HOLLYWOOD FACE POWDER AT 5 AND 10c  
STORES, DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

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**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

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## Foreign News

# From Harems to Movie Stars

**M**ARKING THE transformation from harems and veils to chorus girls and modern clothes, Turkish motion pictures are emerging from their first struggles with stars of their own and films to compete with American products.

Brightest star in Istanbul, Turkey's Hollywood, is Feriha Tewfik Hanoum, a dazzling blonde actress who looks more American than foreign, whose beauty already has Hollywood executives clamoring for her services.

Feriha may yet come to America for one very good reason. The film industry in Asia Minor is seriously handicapped by heavy taxes and tariffs. Few of the stars receive anything like good pay, and many



Feriha Tewfik Hanoum, brilliant Turkish film star . . . her admiration for Garbo is reflected in her characterizations . . .



In the film, *The Sire of Istanbul*, Feriha Hanoum wears an old-time oriental dress for a harem scene depicting ancient Turkish life

of them work for the price of an average American typist.

Feriha's rise to prominence has been amazingly fast. In 1929, at the age of 15, she was named Turkish Beauty Queen in the first beauty contest ever sponsored in Kemal's Republican Turkey. She entered the contest not because she had any particular faith in her own beauty, but because she saw in it an opportunity to further her dramatic instincts.

"I did manage to attract the attention of the Turkish theatrical world," she told HOLLYWOOD's representative, "and I obtained my first contract as a direct result.

"Now that the dreaded harems have been abolished and the dull and mysterious veils have been snatched away by the clear-sighted ruler, Kemal Ataturk, these women can now show the universe that they are the most sensitive, the most expressive and most naturally gifted creatures in the world."

Feriha likes to play drama and comedy. Sports appeal to her. Despite six days a week of hard work, she will rush out for an hour's outing whenever she can. She

likes to ride, row, play tennis and basketball.

Marriage even in Turkey can prove unhappy. Now that it has become westernized, divorce is not uncommon. Feriha herself found matrimonial ways difficult. Faced with a choice of a stage career alone or a family life with her husband who is also an actor, she chose the former path and secured a divorce.

Feriha's greatest rôle to date is in the first all-musical Turkish talkie, *If My Wife Is Unfaithful*.

—ROBERT CANUTI.



Turkish films have gone a long way in westernizing the nation. Here Miss Hanoum looks more American than many of our own stars, yet she is a native of her own land

HOLLYWOOD



## Has Mae West Reformed?

(Continued from page twenty-five)

quent pilgrimages to her ranch in the San Fernando valley. Not so far from the historic San Fernando Mission, where the dark-robed padres of early California bowed heads in prayer while ancient bells tolled the angelus, Mae finds a haven of peace and a new love for the soil.

She motors to the ranch in the early morning and puts in full days out of doors. She is proud of her prize poultry, spends hours caring for them.

She has become an enthusiastic gardener. Squatting among vines and stalks, she delights in fussing with growing green things.

She spends but little time in the stables. Conspicuous among the livestock is her brother Jack's racing thoroughbred, Greenspring Lad. The horse has been successful on Southern California tracks.

But Mae has lost her interest in horse racing.

### Visits Her Father's Ranch

● MAE ORIGINALLY purchased the ranch for her father, the late Jack West. She had hoped the outdoor life might restore his fading health and prolong his life. Jack was enthusiastic over the place. A product of New York, confined to cities all his life, the genial ex-boxer welcomed the opportunity of becoming a country gentleman. The chance came too late. Soon after settling on the ranch he was stricken with a heart attack and died.

Some say that Mae regards the ranch as a pleasant shrine binding her spiritually to the departed parent whom she adored. Perhaps so. It would be in accord with her new attitude on life.

Mae alternates the ranch visits with occasional calls on her sister, Beverly, who lives in a cozy hillside home in the fashionable Los Feliz district. Here a fascinating vista of all Hollywood sprawls below the wide windows.

Mae likes to sit in one of these windows and let her eyes roam lazily over the city she invaded only a few years ago with a few dollars and a burning ambition to bring Diamond Lil to life on the screen.

Today she has wealth and world-wide adoration. She has sampled fame and riches. Obviously, she has found them empty of the things she now seeks—simplicity and sanctity.

Of course, there are others who maintain that Mae is imitating Garbo in her desperate quest for privacy. It's a publicity stunt. That's what they say.

Insiders insist that the recent newspaper assaults on the picture *Klondike Annie* cut Mae deeply. She took personal pride in the benevolent quality written into the evangelist rôle. It was a stinging jolt to have her sincere interpretation of the character branded indecent.

True, the general public rallied to her support by generously patronizing the picture. But it didn't quite erase the mud slung on an attempt to contribute an uplifting screen performance.

Perhaps the incident left Mae distrustful of her Hollywood acquaintances, the fair weather well wishers, and inspired her present solitude complex.

An interviewer once read a tiny sign in her dressing room: "I can take care of my enemies, but who will protect me from my friends?"—LEW GARVEY.

**"Dentyne's a Double-Header  
—Good for Your Mouth—  
A Treat to Your Taste!"**

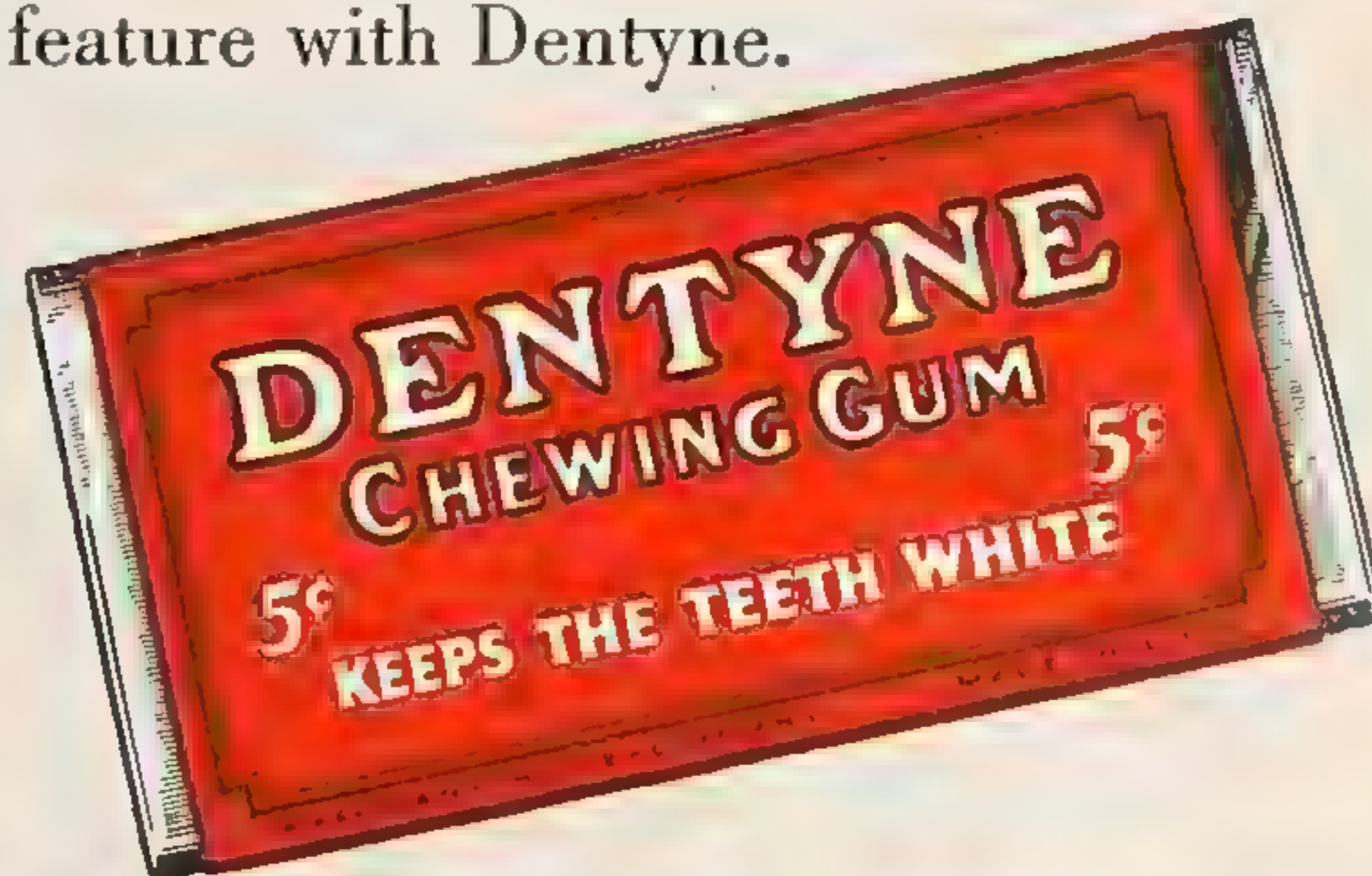


**DENTISTS SAY, "CHEW DENTYNE"!** We moderns kill our teeth with kindness — we eat soft foods — give teeth and gums too little healthful exercise. Dentyne is a big aid to mouth health because its special, *firmer* consistency encourages more vigorous chewing — stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. It keeps teeth white and those telltale little chin muscles young and firm.

### YOU ENJOY THE FLAVOR FROM THE FIRST TASTE.

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*Keeps teeth white —  
mouth healthy*



# DENTYNE

**DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM**



## REDUCE Controllable FAT

"I LOST  
55 lbs.  
of FAT"

writes Michigan  
Lady

● Is fat making your life miserable? Many other women who used to sit back ashamed and uncomfortable because people laughed and called them "Fatty" have now found a new joy in living after freeing themselves from the burden and embarrassment of overweight. Don't let controllable FAT rob you of happiness!

Look-  
Feel-  
like a  
NEW  
PERSON!

### READ WHAT THESE WOMEN WRITE:

Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 S. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 lbs., with RE-DUCE-OIDS."

Gladysse L. Ryer, Registered Nurse, Dayton, O., writes: "Lost 47 lbs., though I did not diet."

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RE-DUCE-OIDS are not a new experiment—they have been used by thousands of fat people. Sold for 22 years. Pleasant, easy to take.

IMPORTANT—RE-DUCE-OIDS positively DO NOT contain dinitrophenol.

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Your money back in full if you are not delighted with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS. You are the judge. Sold by leading drug or department stores everywhere, or if your dealer is out, send \$2 for 1 package; or \$5 for 3 packages, direct to us.

Currency, Money Order, or Stamps. (10c fee must accompany C.O.D. orders only.) Sent in plain wrapper, no embarrassment.

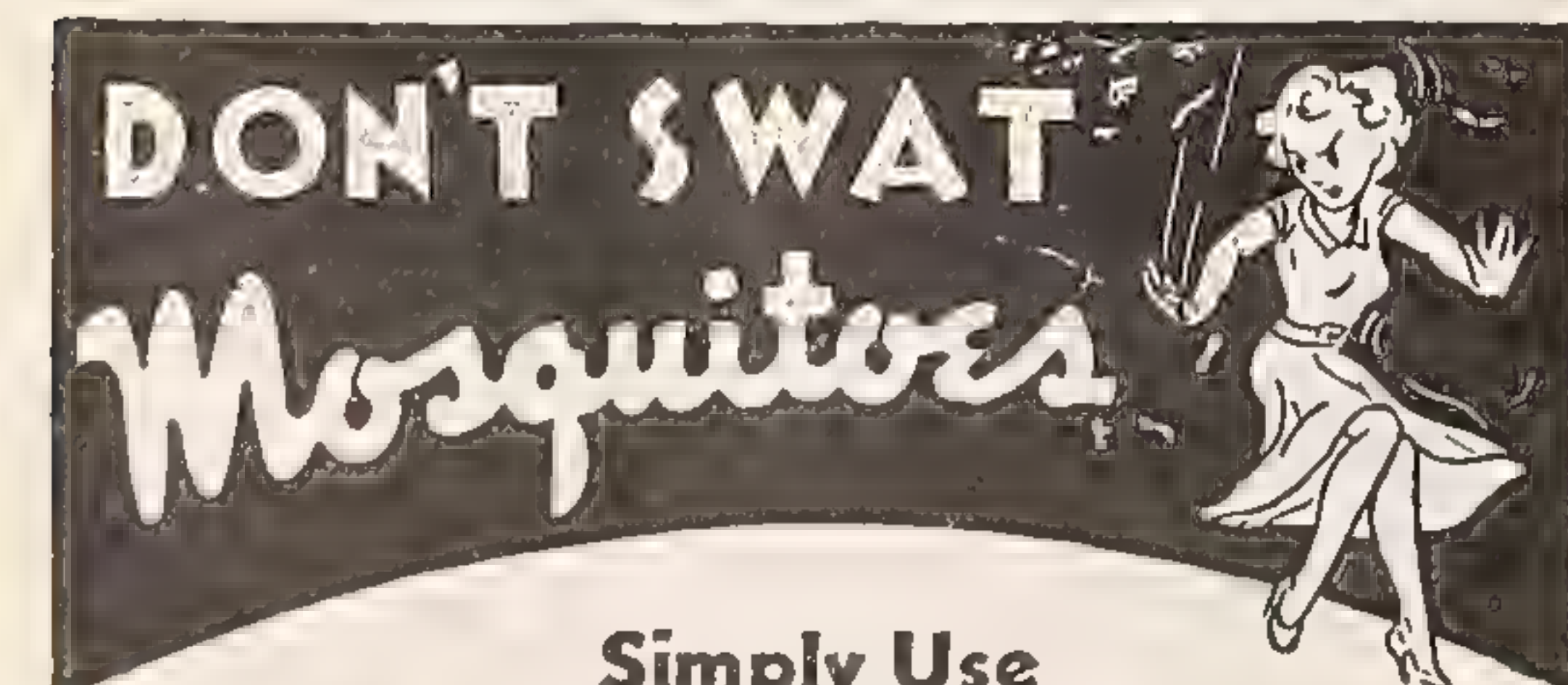
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Send me.....packages of RE-DUCE-OIDS, for which I enclose payment, on your Money-Back Offer.

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ROBERTA MOSQUITO CREAM

JUST smooth it on. It absorbs completely. Presto! You're guaranteed safe from mosquito and other pesky insect bites. Greaseless—will not stain clothing. Pleasantly fragrant! Soothes sunburn, too. Indispensable for summer comfort. At Department, Drug and Sport Goods Stores—or send coupon.



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I enclose 50c for ☐ Tube ☐ Jar Roberta Mosquito Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

## Errol Flynn's Unofficial Sweetheart

(Continued from page twenty-two)

amount of delight. Reinhardt engaged her to understudy the rôle of Hermia for his Hollywood Bowl production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Her work was so excellent that she not only played the Bowl engagement, but went on the road with the show for eight weeks. To this very day she marvels that Reinhardt chose her for the film rôle when he undertook *The Dream* for Warner Brothers.

"The maestro's reputation is enough to frighten anyone," Olivia confesses with charming frankness. "And my own inexperience could hardly be helpful. I was literally frightened out of a year's growth. I would go on the set and pray—really pray—that I wouldn't be called on to act that day. Perhaps it would have been easier had I understood Mr. Reinhardt's own language. His English was too broken to be always clear. Yet on the other hand, Mr. Dieterle (Max's assistant director who has since made smash hits of his own for Warners) spoke better English, and I was afraid of him because he did. These two men knew so much, ordered their players around with such assurance. Why, even the old timers like James Cagney and Joe E. Brown and Dick Powell were uncertain and nervous. Do you wonder that my mind was a great tangle of fear?"

### Her Modest Apartment Home

● OLIVIA LIVES WITH her mother and sister in a modest—according to the Hollywood view—apartment on Franklin Avenue just above Hollywood Boulevard.

When she first came down from tiny Saratoga, her mother couldn't make the trip with her. It was Olivia's first trip alone, and it took all the courage of her eighteen years to face the city of films. But despite her constant fears, she immersed herself in her work and found life entirely satisfactory.

After the strain of *The Dream* was over, Olivia found pleasant respite in doing *Alibi* with Joe E. Brown. After that came *The Irish in Us* with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Both of these would be coveted rôles for most beginners, but they were nothing in comparison to the breaks yet to come.

Warners discovered Flynn and starred him in *Captain Blood*. Olivia was given the feminine lead, and shared honors as equally as any woman could in a distinctly man's picture. She then went into *Anthony Adverse* with Fredric March. Again it seemed like awfully "big-time" stuff to the new little actress, but instead of the old fear, she found this perhaps the most pleasant picture yet. We have seen the preview of *Adverse*; her acting is right up alongside March's title rôle.

Olivia does not like to attend previews. When she sees herself on the screen, her characterizations seem cold and stilted to her. The strain of listening for audience reactions takes whatever pleasure there is left in the picture. So she prefers to wait until the picture has reached the second run theaters before she sees herself as others see her.

### Night Life In Filmland

● HOLLYWOOD ITSELF MEANS very little to her. Olivia has gone occasionally to the Trocadero, the Grove, and other night spots. Seldom with the same escort, though. And these excursions are note-



Romance and grim battle vie for interest in *Charge of the Light Brigade*. There is little doubt that Errol Flynn, in this scene with Olivia de Havilland, is more lover than trooper!

worthy only because of their infrequency.

"I'm too busy," Olivia explains with a twinkle. "Only between pictures do I have much time to myself, and then I prefer to devote it to my family. We're hoping right now to vacation a bit up in British Columbia. It's beautiful up there this time of year, isn't it? I would like to travel over the United States all on one grand tour, but really, I can't afford it."

You may take this with a large grain of salt. Olivia's obvious possibilities at the box office have just won her a new seven-year contract replacing an older and less satisfactory agreement. Currently she earns \$600 per week. The studio should soon find it worthwhile to pay her a \$2,500 top weekly salary.

Olivia, being nobody's fool, is building up a rainy day reserve. She looks upon the future with caution, has no desire to spend recklessly. With but little spare time, she goes few places and has no really close Hollywood friends although she has many nice acquaintances.

When she isn't working she spends most of her time at home. She swims a little, walks a little, but is not particularly interested in sports. Her natural beauty does not require a great deal of "fixing up" time. Her complexion is naturally rosy, her hair a naturally reddish-brown.

Olivia has no ideas of matrimony now—not even the faintest prospects. But she is interested in men, and one of these times she expects her Prince Charming—lucky fellow!—to come along in a Duesenberg or flivver and sweep her heart away.

There was something of a twinkle in her eye as she said:

"I like men who are both poetical and practical. I want them to be romantic but sensible, and they should do all the talking."

"I've been in love," she said. "I was in love when I was sixteen."

"But you didn't get married?"

"No, he went away. A long time passed, and one day he came back. But he was wearing a bow tie and had hair that was short. Short and sticking up. I don't like men who have bow ties and

HOLLYWOOD





Olivia de Havilland as she appears in *Anthony Adverse*, Warner Brothers pictures

crew hair cuts. And he wore black shoes with a brown suit. I wish men wouldn't do that."

Her eyes—and ours—went to our own brown suit. Sighs of relief—we had on white shoes!

It has been something of a secret, but Olivia occasionally writes poetry. You won't find out from her whether it is good or bad, because poetry satisfies a mood and isn't for public consumption in her way of thinking.

"I feel sort of undressed when anyone reads my poetry," she confesses with a hint of a blush. The attitude is a reflection of her innate modesty which creeps out on many an occasion.

Lest anyone conceive of this beautiful young lady as a hothouse flower, we might explain that no scene or situation in a film script is too arduous for Olivia.

During the shooting of *Charge of the Light Brigade* she had many difficult situations. On one occasion Errol Flynn's flashing blade glanced off his antagonist's shoulders and struck her broadly across the face. Momentarily stunned, Olivia took an unexpected dive into an adjoining lake and was fished out by hero Flynn. Events proceeded as if nothing had happened!

Olivia is still so close to being a film go-er rather than a star that she still has hero-worshipping tendencies of old. Margaret Sullavan and Katharine Hepburn are two of her feminine ideals. While we were talking to her Clark Gable, on loan to Warners, stepped into the Green Room where we were lunching.

"He's handsome without his moustache, isn't he?" she whispered. "Is he as stout as he looks?"

"Two hundred pounds of solid muscle," we affirmed.

"Goodness! You know, visiting stars fill me with awe. If they're from our own lot, I have gotten accustomed to them. But men like Gable—"

She left her sentence unfinished. Dick Powell was approaching the table for a moment's conversation. They talked like a couple of kids from the same home town, but what they said had nothing to do with this interview, and we soon walked out the door together, Dick bound for his sound stage, Olivia heading for home, and we to our typewriter.

—LARRY PANKHURST.

*"Another glass!"*

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# Maybelline

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## W. C. Fields

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

eke out a precarious existence as a tramp buffoon—came to his rescue.

He roared and bellowed defiance to the medicos, but after they got to know the real Bill Fields, they merely laughed at his bluster and wisecracked back.

### Fields Faces a Crisis

● **MAKE NO MISTAKE**, though, the comedian was a very sick man. A less stout soul would have passed on to his reward. Only his terrific sense of humor pulled him through.

In the midst of his illness, Sam Hardy, one of his closest friends, died suddenly. While Uncle Willie has never been seen to outwardly mourn a pal's passing, the death of genial Sam Hardy hit him hard. They had been boon companions for years. Before Bill's illness he and Sam played tennis and swam nearly every day at his Encino ranch. When Bill recovered sufficiently to resume his career at the Paramount studio he seemed a bit grim and subdued.

In the midst of filming *Poppy* he was stricken again. Frankly, there were many friends who doubted if we could ever complete the picture. For ten days Bill rested at the healing Soboba Hot Springs. When they brought the doughty old warrior back to the studio, he arrived on the set assisted by his husky brother Walter and a secretary.

Ignoring the rather incongruous appearance he presented, a funny man with invalid surroundings, Bill shook off his helpers, and shouted to me:

"Come, come, Eddie, my boy, what's holding us up here? Let's go, let's go! We must finish today in time for tea."

He loved to kid me about having tea at four o'clock. You can't keep a man like that down.

But, tragedy wasn't finished with comedy yet.

As we finished *Poppy* Tammanay Young died suddenly. For many years, Tam had been Bill Fields' stooge. Tam was a quaint character, a funny little Irishman who worshipped Bill Fields devotedly. Fortunately as it turned out, there had been no role for him in *Poppy*. That much was spared Bill, who had taken loyal care of Tam in pictures.

### Kidding Over the Grave

● **TRAGEDY WILL NEVER** rob Bill Fields of his sense of humor. When Gregory La Cava, a fellow director who has long been one of Uncle Willie's best friends and whose "ribbing" golf battles with the comedian are famous wherever stories are told, was suddenly stricken ill on the set where he was directing William Powell and Carole Lombard in *My Man Godfrey*—he received a wire from his doughty competitor, at the hospital.

It read something like this:

"How I laughed when I heard you had died. What cemetery are you in?"

Willie the Poo.

And, when Greg wired back his alleged address in the great beyond, Uncle Willie retorted:

"I'll meet you between graves eight and nine."

A stout-hearted old warrior!

Ghostly humor to some, maybe, but our Uncle Willie is that rare sort of grand old rascal who could write his own epitaph with a grin.

HOLLYWOOD



# Margot Grahame's Nightmares

(Continued from page twenty-six)

would you like to earn 400 pounds and a trip to New York on the *Berengaria*?" Margot thought she was being spoofed. "Your joking, whether you know it or not, is in very bad taste," she retorted.

## Rags to Rolls Royce

● ONLY A CALL in person from the executive of a big London paper convinced her that this was no pipe dream. The proposition was simple—British shipping had been feeling the competition of French boats and wanted some important star to cross on board the *Berengaria* for a publicity stunt. The paper was in on the deal with the steamboat company. All Margot had to do was pose in various shops with luggage, gowns, coats and so on, and the stores would all advertise. She must go and return on the *Berengaria* without a stopover, so that on getting back to London the paper could publish her own account of the trip.

Margot set out the next morning in a Rolls Royce that called at her door, and she was still wondering if she wouldn't suddenly wake up. The Rolls whisked her into traffic and came to Yagers. A most exclusive store. Margot was outfitted, photographed, and prepared to leave. "But the costume is yours—keep it on," she was told! In a daze, Margot next went to Selfridge's. Gordon Selfridge was a friend. And he personally presented her with a gorgeous traveling outfit. Shoes, stockings, negligees, coats—everything came her way. The Rolls was filled with gifts when she came back to her apartment.

## The Battered Bride

● BUT THAT WAS only the beginning of the adventure. Outward bound they hit a terrific storm, and Margot slipped, turning her ankle. It was nothing, but the publicity man aboard ship did not waste his opportunity. The radio flashed back word of the accident. The paper headlined it—the other newspapers played it big.

Then someone thought of the crowning touch. Why not get married while she was in New York?

Well, and why not? Margot was game. She could bring her husband back with her. What a lark this had turned out to

be! The radio sputtered, and of course Francis Lister was thrilled at the prospect of becoming a bridegroom. Neither had dreamed of the possibility before all this happened.

They had but one day in New York, and poor Margot and Francis thought they never would be able to contrive a wedding ceremony. With everything arranged, they suddenly realized they had no ring! Back to Fifth Avenue they hied, and rushed to a jewelry store. The clerk was busy withdrawing his precious gems from the window. The store had closed. Frantically, Margot rapped on the window. She went through the motions to show she wanted a ring. If you ever tried that in sign language, you can imagine the problem. Finally the clerk understood and Francis Lister purchased the ring.

By this time, of course, the London paper was extending itself. It was indeed a grand story, and typewriters pounded right merrily in a dozen news rooms in dear old London. More, Margot had acquired a slogan. *The Battered Bride of the Barengaria!* Headlines told of the Battered Bride's Return, of her Landing, of her Life Story.

And naturally, the movie makers were at the dock waiting for a chance to sign such a famous person, even if she was a bit battered.

## Other Nightmares

● THAT'S WHAT ONE vision did for Margot. She couldn't have dreamed a more exciting adventure. She has tried to equal it since in Hollywood, but her dreams here, fortunately, did not come true.

When she is up against some difficult problem, her dream is usually about trying to knock somebody on the jaw, and failing to get any steam in her punches. The frustration dream, however, is of the common, or garden variety which everyone, almost, experiences now and then. Usually Margot's dreams are of much better stuff.

Margot has gone back to England, but not to dream. She will be a busy girl over there, from all reports, but if she does find time for a few choice nightmares she has promised to let *HOLLYWOOD Magazine* know. Oh, yes, she does *not* talk in her sleep.

—JOHN WINBURN



Shirley Temple and her stand-in, Mary Lou Isleib, compete with each other at the studio school  
AUGUST, 1936

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## The Stones Live in Glass Houses

(Continued from page twenty-seven)



Paula Stone already has made substantial progress in filmland without the slightest help from her father, Fred Stone, whose stage fame is known around the world. Now the whole family is in Hollywood

Corbett, when Corbett was training for his bout with Jim Jeffries—in fact Fred could have been a prize fighter if he had chosen. He could dance, he could skate, and when it came to roping—well, Will Rogers used to admit his pal was too good. Fred had a baseball team and was captain of it—gosh, he did everything! He claimed an acrobat had to keep in trim, but it was the eternal boy in him. At the Cheyenne round-up he bulldogged a steer in a way that made Rogers chew his gum a mite faster and almost swallow it. They were a mutual admiration society.

### Ropes A Polar Bear

SHOWING OFF now they could rope made Fred do a foolhardy thing—and get away with it. He was big game hunting with his brother-in-law, Rex Beach, and he decided to rope a polar bear. He got out on an ice floe, twirled a long loop, and got the animal.

Rex Beach could hardly believe it. He bet Fred couldn't rope a cougar, which is one of the fastest animals alive. They tried it out in the Grand Canyon, and Fred not only roped his mountain lion, but brought it back alive as a gift for the New York zoo.

Rogers came out to Hollywood and zoomed to immortality in pictures, but Fred stuck it out with the stage. He could hardly believe that the theater was doomed by the new flickering pictures. As a matter of fact he had made five silent films in 1918 and '19 for Lasky, and he didn't think much of the movies.

Perhaps if other stage productions had been as clean as the Stone plays, the whole story might have been different. Never an off color line or suggestive situation in a Stone production. But the thea-

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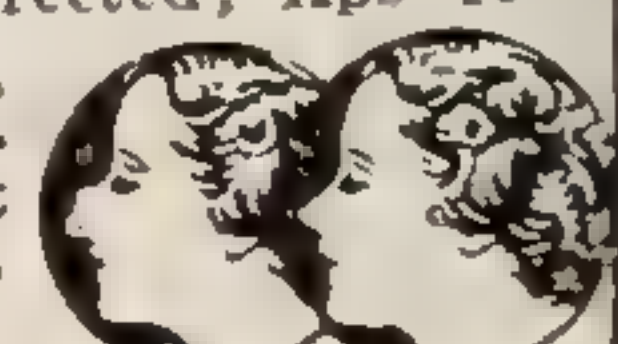
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6.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.00	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
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# NURSING BOTTLE

ter changed; each producer tried to outdo the others with dirt and the audience turned to family entertainment at the neighborhood movies.

Fred came out to see Will on a friendly visit, and then returned to start *Three Cheers*, in which all his daughters were to take part. He had taken up flying, and with his natural flair for any sport requiring skill and nerve, he was soon carrying a pilot's license. Then he cracked up. The plans were off for the new production. The bones of his legs were in splinters—it was a miracle he came through alive.

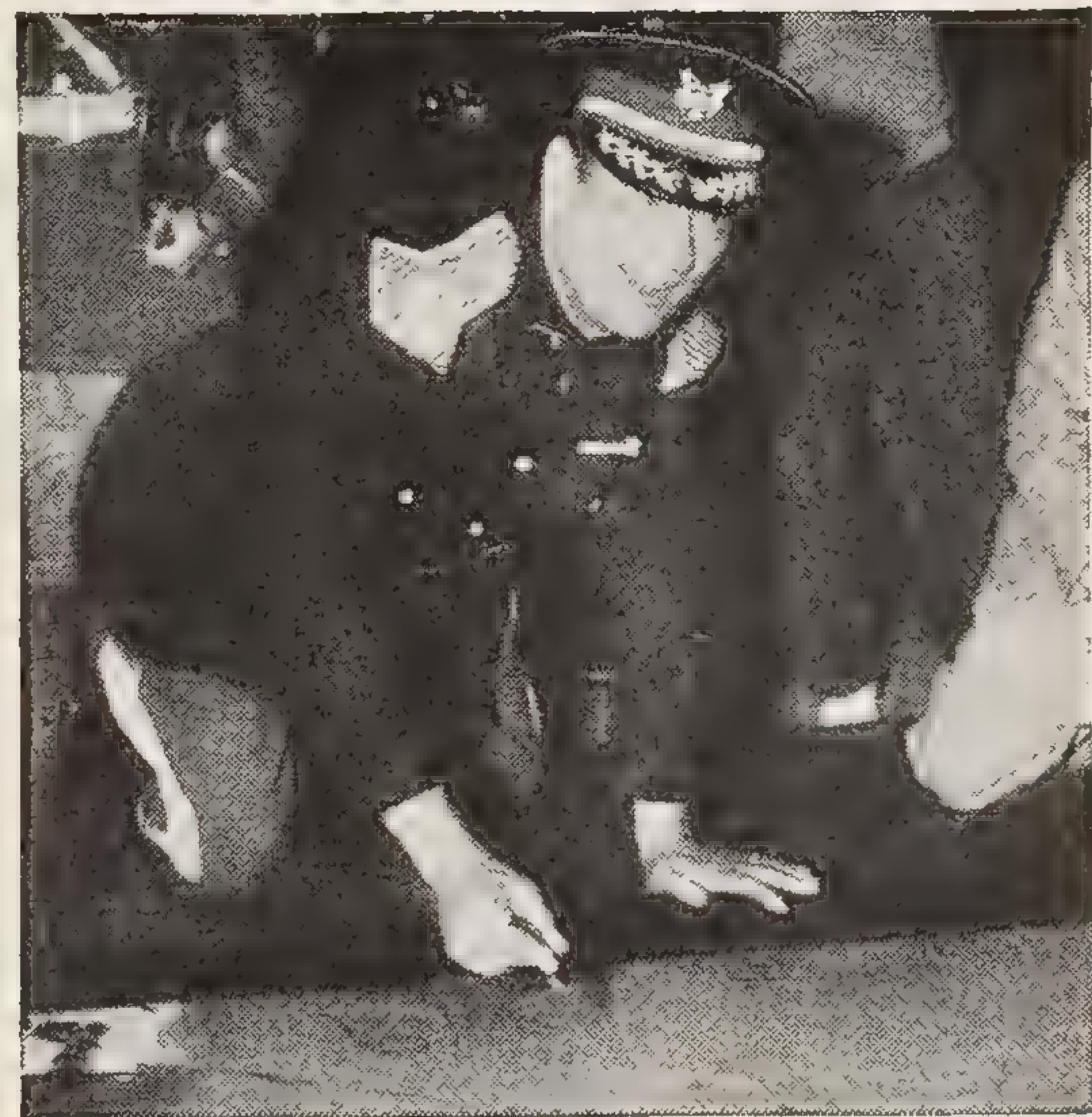
Will Rogers came to bat for his pal, as might be expected of Will, and pinch-hitted in the new production.

"It's a strange thing, the way Fate took a hand in Will's life and caused his death in an airplane," Fred told us. "I was fifty-six when I cracked up. It happened in August. Will was fifty-six when he died in the Alaska crash—in August."

The love between the two men was inspirational. It was one of those bright legends cherished by everyone. It was remembered even in prisons, where a great artist, painting a memorable portrait of Rogers, asked his fellow prisoners who was best entitled to receive the painting. The answer was unanimous—Fred Stone. The picture hangs now in Fred's study. Another of Will is in the living room, over the big fireplace.

Pressure was brought upon Fred to take Will's place doing the syndicate column, but Fred refused, declaring no one could take Will's place. Irvin Cobb believed the same, and accepted a syndicate offer only on the understanding it was to be entirely different from Will's.

A new career lies ahead of Fred. He has ended thirty-six years of musical comedy and fourteen years of circus acrobatics, to enter what will be the third and most important phase of his life. He has many years ahead of him. But he will never grow up. His daughters won't let him. Now he is building a ranch, over in San Fernando Valley, and is going to try something that he has long wanted to do—raise horses. And there are going to be houses—not glass ones—for each of his daughters right there on the ranch, where they can live close by but where they won't be pestering him to put on a muffler when he takes the bay colt for a workout.



Col. Victor McLaglen, in the uniform of his crack cavalry outfit, *The Lighthorse*, autographs his boot prints in cement at the Chinese theatre in Hollywood

## SHE GASPED

when she spilled the ink on my rug

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**Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM**

## Daughter Rochelle

(Continued from page thirty)

go also. When she was three I enrolled her in a private school.

This particular little school was conducted by a Mrs. Harlow. It was the outgrowth of an experiment with her own children who could read newspapers at the age of two years. Rochelle attended only two hours a day but by the time she was six she had already passed the third grade.

At six years of age, I attempted to enroll her in public school only to find that she would have to begin in the first grade. I scouted around and found a school outside of our district that would be glad to have her in the grade in which she belonged.

I became very school conscious. A visit with the teacher taught me that the advancement of a pupil often depends upon whether or not the teacher and child click. This particular teacher told me that whenever, for any reason, Rochelle did not get along with her teacher, to transfer her to another school.

### Keeping Her Out of Mischief

● FOR THE MOST PART, Rochelle was very much loved by her teachers and by her classmates as well. In one grade she was so liked by the other children that the teacher permitted the child who first completed her work to sit with Rochelle the balance of the day.

However, when Rochelle did not click with her teacher, I immediately registered her in another school, often driving many miles to take her there and bring her home.

During the vacation months, I took her to our cabin in the Ozarks and she played for three whole months with no school lessons and no dancing practice. Usually I took another child along so that she would have company. And I found that during those summer months, her energy was taxed greater by play than it was during the winter months with all her lessons.

Of course, there is much to the training of a child that doesn't come under the heading of lessons and it is that training that brings mother and child so close together.

One of my greatest wishes was that Rochelle be a well-liked child. No child, no matter how lovable, is liked if permitted to get into things in the homes of others. I asked my friends to have something for Rochelle to play with when she called and to keep that something in a certain spot. Rochelle always knew then just what she might amuse herself with and what not to touch.

### A Lesson in Vanity

● MOST CHILDREN, and I must say grown-ups too, have "company manners." I wanted Rochelle to feel at ease under any condition so always made it a point to dress for dinner and to have that meal served in the dining room with all the "company" linen and silver.

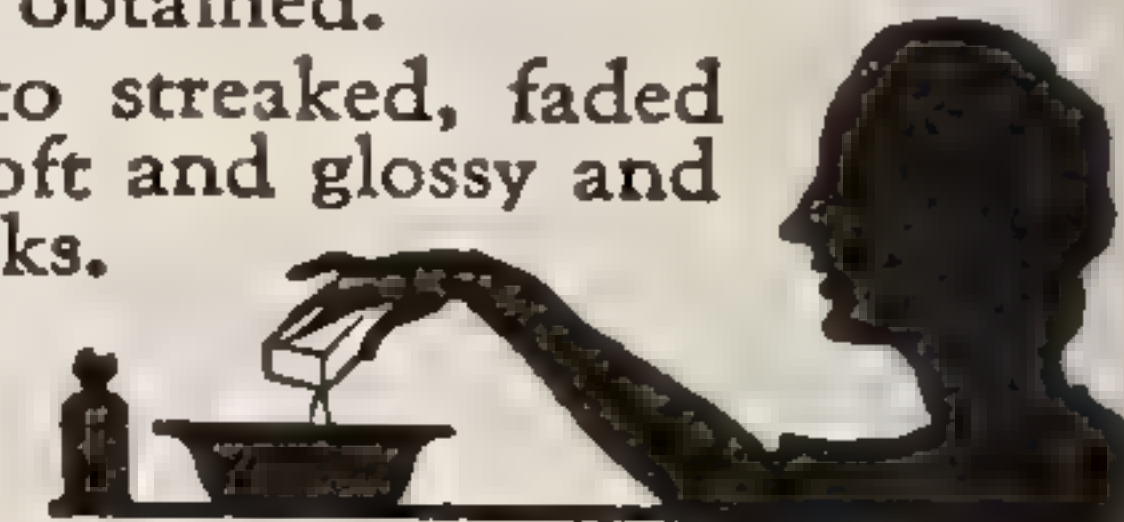
I practiced the same plan in regard to clothes. I purchased the best and taught her to respect them by seeing how nice she could keep them. As I said in the beginning, many of my teachings were experimental and often I went too far, as I did in the case of clothes.

I had given Rochelle a birthday party and for the occasion purchased a darling little dress of white net and pink rose buds. After the party the dress hung in

## The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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**NEXT MONTH:**

An intimate glimpse of Jean Harlow written by her best friend, and called:

*If You Knew Suzie Like I Know Suzie!*

It's cute, and peppy, and filled with fact. Watch for the September issue of

**HOLLYWOOD**  
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## COLOR YOUR HAIR

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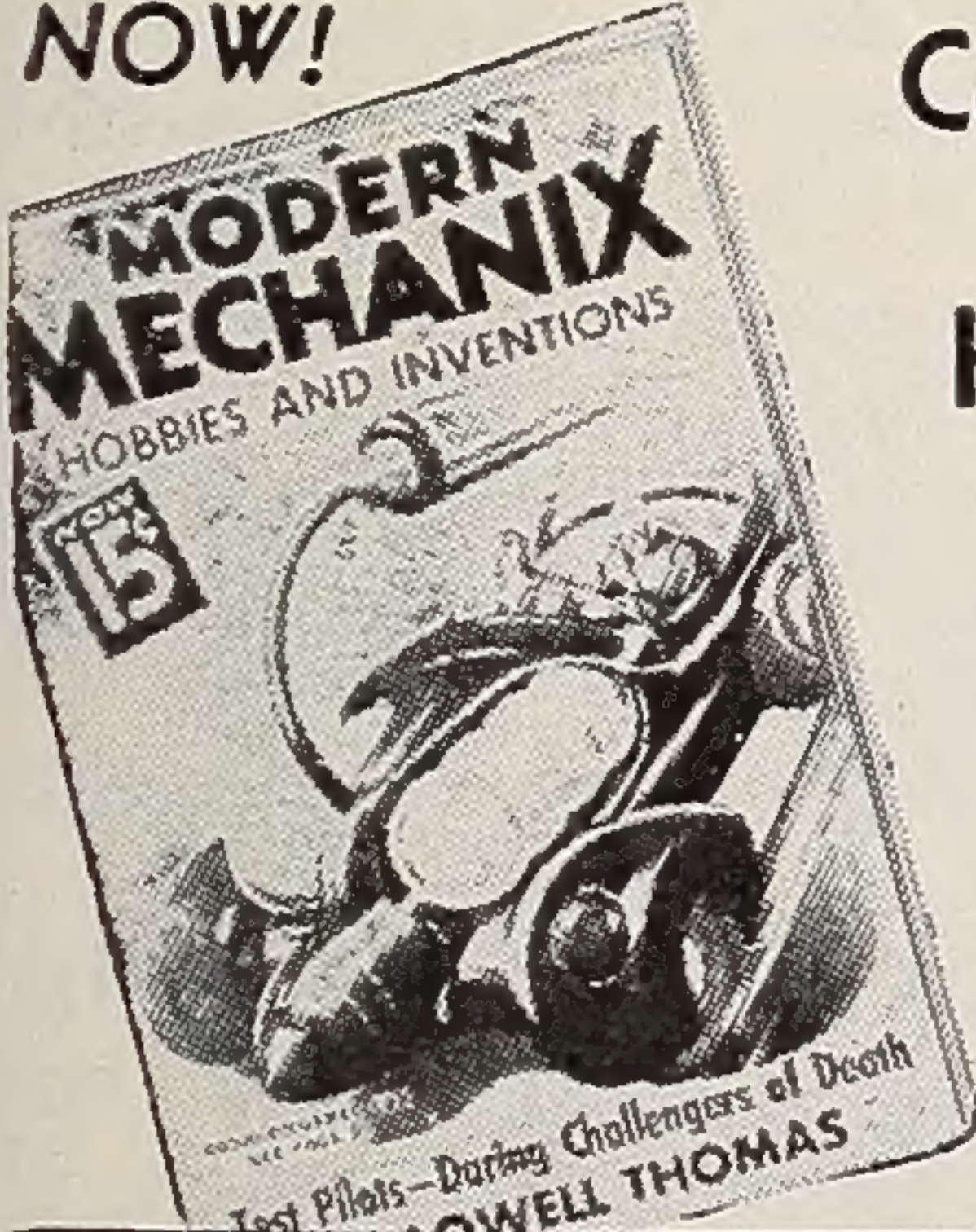
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AUGUST

**MODERN MECHANIX**  
HOBBIES AND INVENTIONS

AUGUST, 1936

Universal with Irene Dunne, and Dame Fame clapped her hand firmly on his shoulder. Back at his home lot, he was teamed with Janet Gaynor in *Small Town Girl*, hurried to 20th Century-Fox to play *Private Number* with Loretta Young, and back home to be Joan Crawford's leading man in *The Gorgeous Hussy*.

Perhaps it's because all this happened so fast, in the space of a few months, that Bob Taylor hasn't had time to realize how far he has climbed along the rocky road to stardom.

### Once A Schoolboy Orator

● A NATURAL BENT for oratory during school days, a faculty which won him a speaking tour through Nebraska on behalf of Doane college, proved excellent training for Bob. His diction improved, he gained self confidence, and his speaking voice developed. Strong and well built—he stands six feet tall and weighs 165—he made a good appearance and won friends everywhere for his Alma Mater.

Following this with work in amateur theatricals added to his experience. Those who might regard his remarkable success to Lady Luck may well pause and consider the background Bob acquired through hard work. It is exactly the type of training recommended by casting officials for preparation in a screen career.

Bob somewhat resents his good looks. He likes old sweaters, of which he has a round dozen, and uncreased slacks. He has never been slow to put up his dukes and make a school kid eat his words at mention of pretty boy. His fists are big and his muscles are hard. When he pounds the piano you can hear him for blocks—there's power in them thar biceps.

Other personal data: He hates cats, likes dogs. His biggest regret: that his father died before Bob made good in films. His hair is naturally wavy. No hermit, he enjoys going out with girls, and is a good dancer as all college men must be. Irene Hervey and he were seen frequently together for a year; he stepped out some with Janet Gaynor, but lately it's been Bob and Barbara Stanwyck at the Trocadero and other gathering spots. He is not superstitious but considers it unwise to walk under ladders and whistle in a dressing room.

Following his picture with Joan Crawford, Bob will make *Camille* with Garbo. The Swedish star has been in seclusion, resting and preparing for the rôle. When Bob stops to think of this coming experience, he tingles. And remembers the time he played the same part in the same play in the little theatre at Clairemont, Nebraska, a few miles from college. If anyone had told him then that he would play opposite Garbo in *Camille*, he would hardly be blamed for refusing to consider such a possibility. He can still scarcely believe that's happening to him, and that he is famous. Bob Taylor only hopes he won't wake up some morning and find he has been dreaming the whole incredible business.

—JACK SMALLEY.

### Fanagrams for Money

Have you overlooked that fascinating indoor sport of making fanagrams from stars' names? Prizes will reward your cleverness. — See page 48.

## "I WAS A WRECK WITH PAIN.."

I Couldn't Sit  
or Take a Step  
in Comfort!"

WHAT a torture, Piles! They plague you by night and day and make life a misery. Because of the delicate nature of the subject, many people hesitate to do anything about Piles, yet there is no condition more in need of treatment because Piles can become something very serious.

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● WE HAVE traveled many leagues this past month; from Southern California to Tibet, through China, dropped in on the Socialist Soviet Republic of Crimea and in short, gadded about with more abandon than Mr. Marco Polo.

That's the fun of movie business. There is only one drawback—behind the gorgeous lamasery of Tibet or the thatched Chinese cottage on the Whang Po you must always stumble over the supporting two-by-fours and the barrels of plaster which stamps it all as make-believe.

## Adventuring With Colman

● TIBET IS CURRENTLY located on the Columbia Pictures ranch, just over the hill from Hollywood. Here Ronald Colman is starring in *Lost*



Jane Wyatt is one of the shanghaied plane passengers with Ronnie Colman

*Horizons*, a fascinating yarn of spectacular adventures. If you haven't read Hilton's best seller, do so before seeing this picture; it will add greatly to your enjoyment. For Frank Capra has created out there in the valley the most breathlessly beautiful set ever constructed in Hollywood—the palace of Shangri-La in the high Himalayas.

Against towering crags, where dwarf pine clings, is this superb dwelling of a high priest of Tibet. Ponds that catch this magnificence in reflection, fountains leaping from lush flower gardens—but let the movie describe it for you; we cannot.

They are shooting at night, the funeral procession of the priest who lived two hundred and more years. Tibetans file past with torches, mourning their spiritual ruler. It strikes us as odd that they are mourning a man who hasn't yet been put in the cast.

They are still looking for the right actor as we watch.

Colman looks on, admiring the vast proportions of the set. He is wearing unromantic heavy underwear—it shows where his shirt collar is open. But the night is chilly; we can't blame him. And anyway, Ronnie Colman couldn't look unromantic in even an 1890 swimming suit.

## Cannons to Right of Them

● IT'S ONLY a few miles beyond Tibet, in the rolling valleys, that we drop in upon the Crimean War, on the north side of the Black Sea. Here Warner Brothers are filming *Charge of the Light Brigade*. And this is the big day—the filming of that historic charge. The longest "dolly shot" ever attempted will follow the cowboys of Hollywood, uniformed as British Cavalry of 1854, as they charge up the valley of death and into the guns of the Russians. Wooden rails support a camera car bearing four cameras, to catch the charge from different levels. Director Michael Curtiz directs through loud speakers. The siren blows its signal; the charge begins. Powder men stationed at intervals stand ready. As thundering hoofs pound by, these men touch switches—bursts of powder smoke spurt upward—horses rear and throw their riders—cannons belch from the Russian redoubts. It is fully as thrilling to witness this spectacle being made, as it will be to watch it on the screen.

And Errol Flynn, star of the film and the man who leads the noble 600 to their deaths in the courageous charge, isn't even present. Errol, you see, has done all this in close-ups, and died



Errol Flynn storms the Russian batteries in *Charge of Light Brigade*

covered with honor. On the day of the charge, if you please, Errol is in slippers, smoking a pipe, and going over the script of his next picture, *White Rajah*, with his collaborator, William A. Ulman, Jr.

## Threshing in China

● TEN MILES or less away is China, where the *Good Earth* company can hear the guns of the Crimean War as Paul Muni and Luise Rainer thresh wheat. The hills ripple like water as a breeze passes through the wheat. It was planted months ago by the property department. Great wind machines surround the camera; this scene shows Muni and his wife, Miss Rainer, as poor Chinese trying to harvest their grain in the teeth of a rising storm. They struggle against the wind machines, hacking at the stalks with crude scythes. Down the road are their thatched cottages, authentic to the last detail. Most of the set was imported bodily from China, where whole villages were purchased by Metro agents. We asked Director Sidney Franklin if he had any use for the wheat left over, just to test M-G-M efficiency. There won't be any—the irrigating system will be shut off and the wheat will wither and die. Then they'll shoot the drouth scenes. That's realism!

## Roaming With Ramona

● IN THE MOUNTAINS back of San Diego, in the shadow of towering Palomar where the world's largest telescope eventually will thrill other stargazers, 20th Century-Fox is filming *Ramona*. Delayed by illness of Loretta Young last year, this epic of early California is soon to reach the screen in its third movie version. Going to this location took a full day, but it was well worth the time just to see Loretta. She was wearing a lustrous black wig; asked us to feel of its texture. We did, so we could tell our grandchildren. Don Ameche, young radio star whose name denotes Italian, not Spanish, parentage, was doing a scene in which he brings a doctor to the rancho from San Diego, "a good two days' away." But that was before automobiles.

On the way back we stopped at historic Mission Inn at Riverside, for a marvelous dinner. Here the Miller Brothers have on display art and curios gathered from many lands, all over the world, and worth many millions.

So, after our fashion, we have toured the world. We have learned the truth of one saying, after hearty meals with these various picture companies. Travel does broaden one!



# It's Smart to be Natural!



"Natural Lips Have Won Fashion's Favor," says **HATTIE CARNEGIE**, one of America's leading designers.



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And this new vogue is the reason why Tangee is preferred by today's smartest women. For Tangee can't give you "that painted look" because *it isn't paint*. Instead, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to a lovely blush rose on your lips, blending with your own skin tones, and giving your lips warm, feminine appeal.

**TRY TANGEE.** It stays on for hours, its special cream base keeps your lips soft and smooth. And when you buy... be sure to ask for **TANGEE**

**NATURAL.** There is another shade of Tangee called Tangee Theatrical... but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for theatrical use. Tangee comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10... at all leading stores.

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